

# THE ARGOSY

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## THE WARDEN OF THE MARCHES

BY SYDNEY C. GRIER, AUTHOR OF "PEACE WITH HONOUR,"  
"LIKE ANOTHER HELEN," ETC., ETC.

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### CHAPTER V

ROSE OF THE WORLD

AWFULLY sorry, Mab, but I really can't ride with you this morning. It's bad enough when one of our wandering tribes comes in for a palaver, but to-day there are two of them, at daggers drawn with one another. They have both sent deputations to inform me that I am their father and their mother, and will I be good enough to pulverise the other lot? That means that I have a nice long day's work cut out for me."

"Oh, what a bother!" grumbled Mabel. "And Georgia has got a lot of dreadful women in the surgery, and is doctoring them all round. How can she bear to have them about? Do you like having an M.D. for a wife, Dick?"

"Personally," said Dick solemnly, "I do; since Georgia is that M.D. Politically, it's the making of me."

"No; really?"

"Rather! Every woman of all these nomad tribes has a stake in the country, so to speak—a personal interest in the maintenance of the system of government which has stuck Georgie and me down here. No Sarkar, no doctor; that's the way they look at it."

"Well," said Mabel, rather ashamed, "if it wasn't that I have got my habit on, I would stay and help her. But we were going to try Laili, Dick, and you promised faithfully to come."

"I know; it's horribly rough on you. But I tell you what I'll do. I'll spare Anstruther to you for the morning, and he must ride out to me after lunch. Don't break his neck first, mind."

"But will it be safe for you to go alone? Aren't you afraid?"

"Shade of my mighty father-in-law! Afraid of what?"

"Oh, I don't know. It sounds the sort of thing——"

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"That one would naturally be afraid of? No, I would rather face any number of excited tribesmen than Burgrave at his blandest. I'll send a *chaprasi* down to Anstruther, and he'll be here in a few minutes."

Mabel had not long to wait. As she stood on the verandah, flicking her dainty riding-boot with her whip, and feasting her eyes on the satin skin of the beautiful little black mare which was being led up and down by its groom, Fitz came trotting up the drive.

"Awfully good of the Major to lend me out this morning, Miss North! Is that the new pony? She ought to be a flier."

"Yes, isn't she a little beauty? I want to test her paces to-day. I have had enough of riding her about the cantonments. She's all right there, but I should like to try her in a good gallop out in the desert."

"Out in the desert?" repeated Fitz, as he gathered up the reins and handed them to Mabel, after mounting her. "Well, I don't suppose it could hurt. If you don't mind stopping a second at my place, I'll put a revolver in my pocket, and then we shall be all right."

"Why, what could there be to hurt us?"

"We might happen upon a leopard, or something of the sort. It's not likely, but there's no harm in being provided. We have a sort of fashion here of not going much beyond our own bounds unarmed."

Mabel made no further objection, and after calling at Fitz's quarters they rode out into the desert. Laili's paces were perfect, and whenever Mabel raced her against Fitz's pony she won easily. It was a clear, cold morning, really cold, as is often the case early on a winter's day in Khemistan, and horses and riders alike seemed to be possessed of tireless energy. The two grooms, to whom the cold was a highly disagreeable experience, were left behind again and again, and remembered only when they had become mere dots on the horizon, which involved some waiting before they could come up.

"Now let us race again!" cried Mabel, when she and Fitz had reluctantly walked their horses for some distance, to allow the men to approach them.

"All right. I say, Miss North, there's a jerboa! Let's chase him!"

"Oh, do. I should so like to have one for a pet," cried Mabel.

It seemed, however, that the jerboa preferred freedom even to such a captivity, for it was gone in a moment, getting over the ground in tremendous leaps, at a pace which taxed the horses sorely to keep it in sight.

"Oh, it's getting away!" lamented Mabel.

"Perhaps I can manage to wing him from here," said Fitz, bringing out his revolver. "We could easily patch up a broken leg. Steady, Sheikh, old boy!"

The pace was fast and the ground rough, and it is scarcely surprising that the jerboa escaped unscathed, while Fitz's shot had an effect that he had not anticipated. At the sound Mabel's little mare

stopped dead with a suddenness which jerked the rider's foot from the stirrup, and nearly threw her out of the saddle, then took the bit in her teeth and dashed away in a frenzy of terror. Pull as she might, Mabel could not stop her, nor could she get her foot again into the stirrup. The horror of that wild rush through the whirling sand-clouds, with the wind shrieking in her ears, was a thing she would never forget. Certain destruction seemed before her, for Laili was heading straight for the rocky ground at the foot of the mountains, where there was no hope that she would be able to keep her footing. Mabel was dimly conscious that she ought to form some plan, or at least to select a moment at which to throw herself off, but all her powers seemed to be concentrated in the effort to pull up, or better, to turn the pony's head towards the open desert. As it was, Laili made the decision for her. An isolated rock, revealed unexpectedly by a lull in the wind, which caused the drifting sand to settle for a moment, stood on the left hand of the course she was taking, and catching sight of it, she swerved away so violently that Mabel found herself all at once in a sitting position upon the sand. There she remained, too much dazed to make any attempt to rise, until Fitz dashed up, and flung himself recklessly from his horse, which promptly continued the chase of the runaway on its own account.

"Oh, thank God, you are not killed!" he cried, rushing to Mabel, his face white and his tongue almost unable to articulate. "But you are frightfully hurt. What is it?—your back? Oh, for Heaven's sake, Miss North, try to move. Is your leg broken? Don't say it's your back!"

Mabel repressed a weak desire to laugh. "I—I think I'm sitting here because you haven't offered to help me up," she replied feebly, but as well as her chattering teeth would let her.

He helped her up in silence, and began mechanically to brush the dust from her habit with shaking hands. When at last he looked up at her, Mabel saw that his lips were still trembling, and his eyes full of terror.

"Oh, don't look like that about me!" she cried impulsively. "I'm not worth it."

"Not worth it? You!" he cried violently, then, controlling himself with an effort, he laughed somewhat awkwardly. "If anything had happened to you, I should never have dared to face the Major and Mrs. North again," he said. "Or rather, I could not have faced my own thoughts."

"But why?" asked Mabel, mystified.

"Because it was all my fault for firing that shot—wretched thoughtless *beast* that I am! I should have blown my brains out."

"Now that is wicked," said Mabel with decision, "and foolish too. But if you are going to talk in this agitating way, I think I should like to sit down in the shade over there. I feel rather shaky still."

"I'm an unfeeling idiot! Lean on me, please, Miss North."

He supported her gently across the intervening space, and found a seat for her on a fragment of rock, in a nook which sheltered her partially from the sun and the whirling sand. She made room for him beside her, but he persisted in tramping up and down, his face twitching painfully.

"I can't stay quiet!" he cried, in answer to her remonstrance. "When I think it's just a chance—a mercy, Mrs. North would say—that you're not—not—" he skipped the word—"at this moment, it knocks me over. And all my fault!"

Mabel's renewed protest was cut short by the appearance of the two grooms, who ran up with scared faces, and inquired dolefully which way the horses had gone, and whether the Presences would wait where they were until the missing steeds had been captured and brought back.

"Why, what else should we do?" asked Fitz, calm enough now in the presence of the alien race. His own groom hastened to reply that Dera Gul, the ancestral stronghold of Bahram Khan, was only a bowshot off, and that there the Presences might find rest and refreshment.

"Not if I know it!" was Fitz's mental comment. "It's a blessing that the principal villain himself is away at Nalapur, but we won't trespass on his hospitality in his absence. We will wait here," he added to the servant, who replied sullenly that his master's words were law, and departed with his companion in search of the horses.

"What was he saying?" asked Mabel curiously.

"Oh, he was only gassing a little about the neighbourhood," replied Fitz, who had had time to decide that he would not alarm his charge by telling her exactly where they were. It did not occur to him that the apprehension with which Bahram Khan's glance had inspired Mabel three days before had resolved itself into a sense of offended pride at what she took to be a premeditated insult, and that the idea of any danger to herself personally was absolutely remote from her mind. He did his best, therefore, to divert her thoughts from the question of the locality, and was congratulating himself upon his success when a little procession appeared round the corner of the cliff in whose shadow they were sitting. The principal figure was a sleek and shining Hindu, swathed in voluminous draperies of white muslin, with occasional glimpses of red brocade, who advanced with profound obeisances, and entreated the exalted personages before him to honour his master's roof by deigning to rest under it until their horses were found. This time Fitz was obliged to refer the suggestion to Mabel, and learned to his surprise that she was inclined to accept it.

"I shouldn't like to meet Bahram Khan," she said, "but you say that he is away."

"When did the Prince start for Nalapur?" asked Fitz of the Hindu.



Three days past, sahib—the same evening that he was present at the *tamasha* at Alibad.”

“There!” said Mabel, “you see it’s all right. My hair is full of sand, and it is so hot here. One never knows what to wear in this climate. I don’t believe I shall be able to ride back unless I can rest in a cool place for a little first.”

“I am pretty sure Major North wouldn’t like it,” said Fitz doubtfully.

The Hindu caught the purport of the words, and his countenance assumed an expression of deepest woe. “It is the sad misfortune of the illustrious Prince that Nāth Sahib has ever looked upon him with disfavour,” he lamented.

“Oh dear!” remarked Mabel, when the words were translated to her, “it will be dreadful if these people get the idea that Dick has a prejudice against Bahram Khan. We had much better show confidence in him by going to his house. Who knows? It may be the beginning of better things.”

“I shouldn’t like to take the responsibility,” Fitz began, but she cut him short.

“Very well; I will take it. I am sure Dick will be glad if we can establish a better feeling; and I think it’s very inconsiderate of you to raise so many objections, when I have told you how hot and tired I am, and how I want a rest. It wasn’t my fault that we were stranded here, you know.”

This ungenerous use of the weapon he himself had provided conquered Fitz, and he consented reluctantly to accept the Hindu’s invitation. Mabel’s smile of approval ought to have been sufficient reward for his complaisance, but it was not, for he felt an uneasy certainty that Dick would object very strongly to the visit when he came to hear of it. The Hindu led the way, smiling and bowing, and Fitz and Mabel followed him a short distance to the gate of the fortress, which was situated on the further side of the projecting cliff which had sheltered them. Two or three wild-looking men were lounging about half asleep, but otherwise the place seemed deserted. The Hindu led them across the courtyard and up a flight of steps into a large cool room, saying that sherbet and sweetmeats should be brought to them immediately. He left them alone, ostensibly to hasten the appearance of the refreshments, but Fitz, watching him idly as he crossed the court, followed the direction of his eyes to the ramparts, where, to his astonishment, he saw Bahram Khan himself, beginning to descend the steps which led down into the yard. Mabel had also caught sight of the apparition, and Fitz’s eyes met hers.

“The great thing is not to show any sign of fright,” he said hastily.

“I’m not frightened,” retorted Mabel, “but I’m not going to sit here to be stared at by that man. You must tell him that I have come to see the ladies of the house, whoever they may be.”

"I daren't let you go into the harem. Anything might happen there, and it would take an army to rescue you."

"But what could happen? You forget that Bahram Khan's mother is a patient of my sister's. She will be delighted to see me."

"Oh, that's better, of course. But look here, won't you take my revolver? I should hear if you fired a shot."

"No, thanks. I did learn to shoot once, but if I fired now I'm afraid the result would be disastrous to myself alone. I shall feel much safer with the revolver in your possession, for I am pretty sure that you won't leave the place alive without me."

The last words were spoken as Bahram Khan entered the hall, and Fitz had no opportunity to reply. There was a suppressed agitation in the Prince's manner which made him uneasy, and he made haste to beg that Mabel might bear the salutations of the doctor lady to the dwellers behind the curtain. Bahram Khan's face fell, and though he protested that the honour offered to his household was overwhelming, it was fairly clear from his manner that no honour could well have been more unwelcome. The ladies had only just arrived, and had not yet settled down properly in their new quarters; they had had no opportunity of making fit preparation for so distinguished a visitor, and it was contrary to all precedent that the doctor lady should despatch a messenger to visit them before they had sent their respects to her.

"Oh, very well, I won't make my call to-day," said Mabel, rising, when Fitz had translated the long string of apologies that fell from the lips of the embarrassed host. "We may as well come, then, Mr. Anstruther."

But this was by no means what Bahram Khan desired, and after vainly endeavouring to persuade Mabel to sit down on the cushions again, he summoned a slave-boy, and ordered him to fetch Jehanara.

"There must be some one to interpret between the Miss Sahib and the women," he explained, and Mabel wondered why Fitz looked at once so stern and so uncomfortable. Presently the curtain at the end of the room was shaken a little, and Bahram Khan rose and spoke through it in a low voice to the person behind. Then he beckoned to Mabel, the curtain was raised slightly, and she passed through, to find herself in a small dark antechamber. A stout woman in native dress stood there, with a great key in her hand, and, unlocking a door, motioned her into a dim passage. It was so gloomy and mysterious that she was conscious of a moment's hesitation, but as soon as the door was shut the woman began to speak in English, as rapidly as if she was reciting a history she had learnt by heart. She spoke mincingly, and with a peculiar clipping accent which struck Mabel as disagreeable.

"Yes, Miss North, and I don't wonder you're surprised, I'm sure, to find me here, and as English as yourself. My poor papa was riding-master in a European regiment—none of your Black Horse—and my mamma was pure-blood Portuguese, and yet here I am."

Even to the inexperienced eye, the woman's own face, seen in the half-light, gave the lie to her statement, but Mabel had not yet acquired the Anglo-Indian's skill in distinguishing shades of colour, and did not care to dispute the assertion. Having taken breath, Jehanara went on—

"Yes, and I was educated at a real *pucca* boarding-school in the Hills, Miss North, quite genteel, I assure you; one of the young ladies was the daughter of the Collector of Krishnaganj. And everything done so handsomely—china-painting and making wax flowers, and all the extras—no expense spared. I wish I could lay my hands on some of the rupees that were poured out like water on my education, I do. I should commence to astonish the people about here, I assure you, Miss North."

"You must have found this life very trying at first," murmured Mabel.

"Trying's no word for it, Miss North—it was just simply slavery. And I, that thought to be a princess, reduced to be treated like a common upper servant, and thankful for that! Oh, I've been deceived shamefully, Miss North, and there is that makes allowances for me, and there is that doesn't; but submit to be down-trodden I won't be, not by any old native woman that calls herself a Begum, nor by any fine gentleman officer that don't think me good enough to talk to his lady wife."

Some instinct told Mabel that it would not be well to inquire too minutely into the means by which this waif of "gentility" had been stranded on such an inhospitable shore; and to cut short the complaints which threatened to become incoherent, she asked whether Jehanara knew her sister-in-law.

"Yes, Miss North, I do, and a real lady she is—no thanks to her high and mighty sahib of a husband. Spoke to me polite, she did, the only time I've seen her, and gave me some English books and papers to pass the time away. Not like Mrs. Hardy—there's a sanctimonious old cat for you, Miss North, and no mistake, drawing her dress away from me, and talking to me as if I was the very scum of the earth!"

Mabel began to feel uncomfortable. It was evident that Dick had directed Georgia to hold no more intercourse with this person than civility required, and she thought it well to hint that her time was limited.

"Oh, well, if you're in such a hurry, Miss North, I'm sure I'm agreeable. A little talk with any one that's English like myself is a treat I don't often get, but I don't desire to detain anybody to talk to me that doesn't want to. The Begum will be ready to see you, I daresay."

She led the way down the passage, and into a low dull room looking into a small paved courtyard, from which similar rooms opened on the other three sides. Here were assembled some fifteen or twenty women and girls, who had evidently made good use of the time which Jehanara had occupied in conversation, by flinging on their best clothes

over their ordinary garb. Robes of fine cloth, silk or velvet, permitted treacherous glimpses here and there of coarse cotton or woollen garments underneath, while the hair of the wearers was unplaited, and their faces destitute of adornment. They accepted the situation with great philosophy, however, and crowded round Mabel with friendly interest, all but one, who lay crouched upon a bedstead in the furthest corner, with her face to the wall, and refused even to look round. The chief person present was Bahram Khan's mother, who was known officially, from the name of her late husband, as the Hasrat Ali Begum, but whose personal title was the Moti-ul-Nissa, or Pearl of Women. She was an elderly woman with a shrewd face of considerable power, and she greeted Mabel with the kindness due to one who came from her friend the doctor lady, but also with a constraint which the visitor could not but recognise.

Presently a privileged attendant of the Moti-ul-Nissa's exclaimed at the dusty state of Mabel's habit, and in explaining, with the aid of Jehanara, the mishap which had occurred to her, she was able to awaken the sympathies of her audience. Ready hands brushed off the dust, a bowl of perfumed water was brought that she might bathe her sunburnt face, and she was eagerly entreated to take down her hair and shake the sand out of it. Not quite liking the look of the comb held out to her, however, she contented herself with coiling her hair afresh, while an eager girl held a cracked hand-mirror, with a battered wooden back, at an angle that made it perfectly impossible for her to see herself in it. The women were loud in their exclamations of wonder and delight at the sight of the soft fair hair, and presently Mabel became aware that the girl in the corner had raised herself on her elbow, revealing a face beautiful in its outline, but now haggard and stained with tears, and was scowling at her with unmistakable hatred.

"Is there some one ill in that corner?" she asked of Jehanara.

"No, Miss North, not ill—angry and sullen, that's all."

"Poor thing! perhaps she is in trouble," said Mabel, rising and approaching the bed. The girl had turned away again when she saw that her glance was observed, and Mabel laid a hand on her shoulder. "Can I do anything to help you?" she asked.

To her astonishment the girl shook off her hand as if it had been a snake, and springing up from the couch, burst into a torrent of vituperation. Her lithe young form shook with passion, her delicate hands were clenched, and her voice became at one moment a scream, and at the next a hiss. The other women strove in vain to quiet her, and Mabel's efforts to disarm her indignation were fruitless, but as suddenly as it had arisen the storm spent itself. Breaking off in the midst of a furious sentence, the girl threw up her arms in a gesture of utter despair, then dashed herself down again upon the couch, sobbing as though her heart would break.

"What is the matter with her?" asked Mabel, astounded and terrified. "What does she say?"

Jehanara looked inquiringly at the Moti-ul-Nissa. A nod gave her permission to interpret, and she proceeded glibly—

"Why, Miss North, she says she hates you, that you've stolen away her husband with your airs and graces, and then come to gloat over her. You mustn't mind what she says. It's the way with these native women; they've got no self-control, you see."

"But I don't want to steal away her husband. Tell her so. What does she mean? Who is she?"

The other women, breathlessly interested, gathered round as Jehanara interpreted the answer to the girl, who sat up with streaming eyes, and poured forth a series of fierce, abrupt sentences.

"She says, Miss North, 'I am Zeynab, called Rose of the World, daughter of Fath-ud-Din, the King of Ethiopia's Grand Vizier, and the fair-haired woman'—that's you, Miss North—'has stolen from me the heart of Bahram Khan, my lord. She has persuaded him to cast me off—me, Fath-ud-Din's daughter—that she may have his house to herself, and now she comes to mock me. But let her beware. The witch Khadija was not my nurse for nothing, and if poison can disfigure, or steel kill, or fire burn, she shall pay every *anna* that she owes me.' Don't you go and take it to heart, Miss North; she's a poor, wild, uneducated creature, not brought up like us."

"But she must be mad!" cried Mabel. "Tell her she is making a mistake; that I wouldn't touch her husband with a pair of tongs—that I hate the very sight of him. Tell her that nothing would make me marry him if he was free, that my religion would forbid it; and that, as he is married already, our law forbids it. Tell her that even if I wanted to marry him, my brother would see me dead first—that I would beg him to kill me before I stooped to such degradation."

Before Mabel, in her crimson indignation, even Jehanara cringed, and translated her words without comment. The women looked at one another doubtfully, and the Moti-ul-Nissa frowned. The forsaken wife spoke again in bitter disdain—

"It is well to talk thus, when the fair-haired woman has robbed me of my lord's heart for ever. Since she cares so little for it, why did she not leave it with Zeynab?"

"For all that I have done, it is hers still," said Mabel desperately. "Ask my sister, the doctor lady, if it is not so. You know her, all of you."

"Ah, woe is me!" cried Zeynab. "Why did not the doctor lady leave me to die as a little child rather than save me by her art that misery might come upon me through one of her own house?"

"Peace, Zeynab!" said the Moti-ul-Nissa. "The doctor lady knows not that thou art my son's wife. It is not through her that this trouble has come. I will send a message to her, that she may tell us what to do. If the words of her sister here are true words"—she broke off and looked keenly at Mabel—"it may be that she is one of those that ensnare men even without their own will, but such

women ought not to place themselves where men are forced to behold them."

Mabel digested the rebuke, translated with startling plainness by Jehanara, as well as she might. "I am very sorry," she said in a low voice. "My brother said the same thing to me, but I have only been here a short time, and I didn't understand things. Please forgive me," she added, looking first at Zeynab and then at her mother-in-law. "I never dreamed that such a thing could happen, and I will take care that it never does again."

"Never again is too late for me," said Zeynab bitterly.

"Peace!" said the old lady again. "Is it nothing to thee that the doctor lady's sister has humbled herself before thee? Now it is for thee to win back thy lord as thou best mayest. And as for thee, Miss Sahib," added the Moti-ul-Nissa severely, "choose a husband, since that is the custom of thy people, quickly, and see that he is a man that will slay any other man that casts his eyes upon thee."

"The Sahib desires the Miss Sahib to be told that the horses have been found, and all is ready," said the little slave-boy, coming unbidden into the group, and Mabel wasted no time over her farewells.

"I really think I have never been so uncomfortable in all my life!" she said to herself, as she got out of the room.

"Now you see, Miss North, what a trial it must be to me to live among such coarse, unrefined creatures as these," said Jehanara.

## CHAPTER VI

### LA BELLE ALLIANCE

POOR Laili!" sighed Mabel, patting the dust-begrimed neck of the little mare. There was no fear of Laili's running away now, though she had spirit enough left to struggle gamely through the sand, miles of which still stretched between her and home.

"I don't think she'll be any the worse when she's had a good rest and feed," said Fitz consolingly.

"Oh, I hope not. But I know Dick will never let me ride her again."

"I see what you mean, and it really wouldn't be safe. The regiment are so often at carbine practice, you know, and the tribesmen can't come near the town without letting off their guns to show their friends they have arrived. It's quite an exception when a day passes without our hearing shots of some kind."

"I know. But she is such a beauty. I can't bear to give her up."

"Look here, Miss North! a bright idea! Will you let me try to break her off this frivolous habit of hers? I'm generally considered rather good with horses, and there's nothing I should like better than to cure her for you."

"Oh, could you really? Of course, I have still got Majnûn, but he



is so uninteresting to ride compared with her. But won't it give you a great deal of trouble?"

"Trouble? Not a bit! I wish it would. Then you might set it down as an attempt at an atonement for my carelessness in nearly getting you killed to-day. But at any rate, I'll do my best with her, honour bright! If the Major will give her stable-room to-night, I'll have a box cleared out for her at my place. My stables are crammed with useless old rubbish which has come down to me from General Keeling's time, and my horses camp in the middle of it. By-the-bye, Miss North, do you know I can't feel as I did about Sheikh here"—he looked askance at his own handsome pony—"since Bahram Khan won the Cup on him? It seems as if he must be a sort of traitor, to sell his master in that style, you know. I distinctly saw the fellow whisper in his ear before he mounted him, and he was like a lamb at once, instead of flinging his heels all over the shop, as he had been doing the moment before. Now suppose he's been hypnotised once and for all, what's to happen if he chooses to trot off and join Bahram Khan any day we may chance to meet him? I shall look a nice sort of fool."

"Get Bahram Khan arrested for horse-stealing, I should think," said Mabel, with rather a forced laugh. "But how is it that that dreadful man is here at all? I hope you got a word with that Hindu who told us he was away."

"Ah, but he had us there, unfortunately, you see. Narayan Sing told us that his master had started for Nalapur, but as we didn't ask whether he had come back, he wasn't obliged to say anything, and he didn't. Bahram Khan told me himself how it is he's here. It seems that when he got to Nalapur his uncle intimated that he could run the funeral without his assistance, and more than hinted, as I understand, that he had had too much to do with it already. Hence he thinks it well to hide his cousinly grief in his ancestral fortress, until he can get the Commissioner to tackle Ashraf Ali for him again, I suppose."

"More trouble!" sighed Mabel.

"I'm afraid so. The Kumpsoner Sahib is scarcely likely to take such a slap in the face quietly. His *protégé* has been snubbed, and I rather think he will insist on knowing the reason why."

Mabel sighed again, and they spoke little after that, save to encourage the horses as they toiled through the loose sand. Arrived at the gate of the compound, she asked Fitz to come in and have some lunch, but he laughed.

"No lunch for me to-day, Miss North. I must tear home and get a fresh horse, and ride out to the Major. You don't realise that I have taken a good bit of the afternoon off as well as the morning that he granted me, and that the wiggling I shall get is thoroughly well earned."

"I'll intercede for you the minute Dick comes in."



"Ah, it will have happened before that. But never mind; it's in a good cause—couldn't be in a fairer," said Fitz audaciously, as he rode off.

"I'm afraid that boy is going to be silly," said Mabel seriously to herself as she mounted the verandah steps; but on catching sight of Georgia, all thought of Fitz and his foolishness faded from her mind.

"Oh, Georgie, such a day of adventures! I've been thrown, and I've paid a call on Bahram Khan and found him at home, and I've penetrated into the recesses of an Eastern harem, and I've been talked to more disagreeably than I ever was in my life."

"Mab!" was Georgia's shocked exclamation, "how could you? How could Mr. Anstruther let you? Was the harem Bahram Khan's?"

"Yes, of course, and Mr. Anstruther had no voice in the matter. I preferred to sit with the ladies rather than with their lord and master. And O Georgie! Bahram Khan's Ethiopian wife is your little Zeynab, Fath-ud-Din's daughter, and she thinks—she thinks—I don't know how to say it—she has got it into her head that I aspire to the honour of being the second Mrs. Bahram Khan."

"Mab!" cried Georgia again helplessly.

"Yes, and there was a fearful yellow woman there, who says she's English——"

"I know, that dreadful person Jehanara. Oh, Mab, Dick will be angry when he knows you have been talking to her! She is Bahram Khan's evil genius—inspires all his plots first, and then helps him to carry them out. She came here once as his ambassadress, but Dick would have nothing to do with her, and forbade me to let her come into the house. You see, politicals have to be very jealous of any Europeans or Eurasians gaining influence with native princes. And now she will make capital out of her acquaintance with you."

"My dear Georgie, will you kindly tell me how I could help speaking to her when she was the only possible interpreter between the ladies and me? Really one might think I had plotted for all these horrid things to happen, when you know they were pure accidents. And you won't sympathise a bit, though I'm almost out of my mind with worry. These women trust you; assure them, swear to them, that I have no designs on Bahram Khan, for if they go on believing it I don't know what I shall do."

"I will do everything I can, of course, but Dick will be so vexed——"

"Dick!" Mabel almost screamed. "Dick is to know nothing of this. Georgie, I absolutely forbid you to say a word to him about it. Isn't it enough for him to be always casting up against me that mistake I made the other day, without his having this to bother me about as well?"

"You must have a horribly guilty conscience, Mab. I'm sure Dick has never said a word to you about what you did."

"No, but he has looked it again and again. And I will not have him told about this absurd fancy of poor jealous Zeynab's. You couldn't be so dishonourable, Georgie, as to tell your husband another person's secret against her will."

"I can't tell him if you forbid it, but I wish you would let me. Very likely it is some plot of Jehanara's to make the poor little wife miserable, but it may have some political bearing, and I think he ought to know. Let me tell him, Mab."

"No, you're not to. I shall never have the smallest confidence in you again if you do. It can't concern Dick or anybody but myself, and the only reason I told you was that you might use your influence with the women to make them see how silly the idea was. If you speak of it to any one else, you will have betrayed my trust in you."

Some four days later, Georgia was returning home from afternoon-tea at the Grahams'. She had left Mabel to comfort Flora, whose *fiancé* had returned to his duties at Fort Shah Nawaz, and Dick had ridden across the frontier to settle a tribal dispute, and would not be back till late. Georgia felt tired and depressed, and visions of the couch in her own room, and the latest magazines that had reached Alibad, floated enticingly before her. As she drove up to the house, however, she caught a glimpse of a camel taking its ease before a heap of fodder spread on a square of rough cloth in the stable-yard. One of the high hooded saddles used by native women of distinction lay near it, and two or three strange men were gossiping with the servants. The inference was obvious, and it was no surprise to Georgia to be met by her maid Rahah with the announcement that the Eye-of-the-Begum was waiting to see her. Mysterious as the news sounded, it referred only to the confidential attendant of the Moti-ul-Nissa, and the old woman was very soon established on the floor of Georgia's room. The curtain over the door, which served as a danger signal on these occasions, was drawn, and Rahah stationed outside it to warn Dick not to intrude when he returned, and the visitor was therefore able to lay aside her veil and make herself at home. As for Georgia, she had learnt by experience that however little a native might have to tell, he or she invariably displayed a misdirected ingenuity in lengthening the telling of it, and she resigned herself to the loss of the quiet time she had anticipated, and made the customary polite inquiries with patience. When these had been answered, and the Eye-of-the-Begum had duly asked after the health of Dick and Mabel, and delivered her mistress's *salaams* and good wishes to Georgia, paying a compliment in passing to her hostess's coffee and sweets, she prepared at last to approach the subject of business, but strictly in her own fashion.

"Many years ago, O doctor lady," she began, "a troop of robbers met a man leading a fine horse richly caparisoned. 'O brother, who art thou?' asked they. 'I am So-and-so, the servant of Such-an-one, and I am leading this horse to my master's son as a gift from his

uncle,' he replied. Then they took away the horse and beat the man, but let him go. But verily he was unfortunate that day, for he fell in with a second troop of robbers, who asked him who he was. 'Truly,' said he, 'I am So-and-so, the servant of Such-an-one, and I carry to my master's son as a gift from his father a gold chain which is concealed in my turban.' Now before this they had intended to kill him, but finding the chain, they took it and his clothes, and bade him make haste to depart. Hiding by day and travelling by night, he accomplished the rest of his journey, and presented himself before his master's son, who, seeing a footsore man wearing only a ragged loincloth, asked him in astonishment who he was. 'Verily,' he said, 'I am So-and-so, the servant of Such-an-one, and I bring to my master's son the gift which his mother has sent him.' And thus saying, he took from his armpit the great pearl which is called nowadays the Mountain of Milk, which is among the treasures of the Amirs of Nalapur, having carried it safely through the country of the robbers. Then his master's son commanded that a robe of honour should be put upon him, and gave him a horse and arms."

"He deserved them thoroughly," said Georgia.

"True, O doctor lady. But thy servant is now as that man was. Here is my horse with its rich trappings," she held out an empty liniment-bottle. "The pains which were banished by the medicine from my mistress's limbs have returned, and she desires more of it. But of the gold chain concealed in the turban there is much to say, and even more of the great pearl hidden in the armpit, wherefore, O doctor lady, be wary lest there be any that can hear us."

Georgia rose obediently, and looked outside the windows, under the bed, and into the wardrobe. Having demonstrated that there were no eavesdroppers about, she returned to her visitor.

"First, then, O doctor lady, thy servant will reveal the chain of gold. My mistress's son has looked upon the face of the Miss Sahib, thy lord's sister, and his heart is hot with love of her. He has said to his mother, 'Get her for me to wife, for I cannot sleep by night nor eat by day for thinking of her.'"

"I am astonished that the Hasrat Ali Begum should venture to send such a message to me," said Georgia coldly, rising as she spoke, but the old woman caught at her dress.

"Nay, hear me out, O doctor lady. My mistress strove her utmost to dissuade her son, for truly it is not well for East to mate with West, nor Moslem with Christian, neither is it pleasant for her to think of a daughter-in-law who will desire to change everything in the harem, and rule the whole house because she is English. It is out of love for thee, O doctor lady, and thy lord, who is just and fears no man, that my mistress speaks. For these were the words of Syad Bahram Khan, my mistress's son:—'Tell Nāth Sahib that if he will give me his sister, I desire no dowry with her, but only his friendship. Let him speak with my uncle to acknowledge me as his heir, and grant me the

honours and dignities which should belong to the Amir that is to be, and I will live in peace with them both, and strengthen them against all their enemies. Fath-ud-Din's daughter shall go back to her father's house, to make it plain that I look no longer to Ethiopia for support, and that Nāth Sahib's sister shall have no rival in the harem. And moreover, am not I high in favour with Barkaraf Sahib, whose eye is evil against Nāth Sahib? If Nāth Sahib will make friends with me, I will speak for him to the Kumpsioner Sahib, so that he shall look favourably upon him, and the province will be at peace, and Nāth Sahib's praise in all men's mouths."

"Surely you must see yourself that the idea is absurd?" said Georgia, as gently as she could. "I can't be too thankful that Bahram Khan did not send a message direct to my husband. He would have——"

"That was Jehanara's advice, O doctor lady. She bade my mistress's son gather his followers and ride boldly with them to demand the Miss Sahib from thy lord. But my mistress, knowing that Nāth Sahib's hand is always ready, feared for her son, and spoke prudently to him:—'Nay, my son, do not so, or Nāth Sahib will think thee ignorant of the customs of thine own people, and intending an insult to his house. Rather let thy mother speak for thee, that all things may be done according to custom, and the maiden's relations not angered.'"

"And what about my poor little Zeynab?" asked Georgia. "What does she think of all these negotiations?"

"She is a fool," returned the old woman shortly. "When the Miss Sahib came into the harem the other day, she was angry and reviled her, and the Miss Sahib was angry also, and bade Jehanara tell her that she would not so much as touch her lord with the staff of a lance. Now at this the foolish girl was comforted, but her jealousy was only laid to rest for a moment, and because her lord would not suffer her to be near him, and drove her away with bitter mockings, she taunted him in her rage with the Miss Sahib's words, so that he fell into a terrible fury, and beat her, and tore off her jewels, hoping that she would return of her own will to her father's house."

"Brute!" murmured Georgia, with white lips. "But why didn't he divorce the poor child?"

"He would have done so, O doctor lady, had not Jehanara reminded him that if Nāth Sahib rejected his proffer of friendship, it would be well for him not to make himself enemies in Ethiopia. She desires to see thy lord humbled, O doctor lady, and she knows that the Vizier Fath-ud-Din hates him also. But the Lady Zeynab offered no resistance to her lord's treatment of her, dreading only lest he should send her from him."

"Upon my word!" cried Georgia, "I wish Bahram Khan had presented his request to my husband in person. He would have deserved whatever he got."

The visitor sighed patiently. "Thou art strange in thy ways, O doctor lady, after the manner of thy people. Why should it matter to thee that an Ethiopian woman is beaten by her husband, when thine own lord's fate is trembling in the balance? Think rather of him and of thyself than of this foolish girl. And now to come to my message of messages, even the great pearl, which is from the mouth of my mistress's brother, the Amir Ashraf Ali Khan. It is known to no one but his Highness's self and the wise and learned mullah Aziz-ud-Din, whom he sent on an errand to my mistress's son, but with this secret message for my mistress's own ear. These are the words of the Amir Sahib:—'Say to my friend, Nāth Sahib, What is to be the end of these things? Since thy first coming hither I have obeyed thy voice, as I did that of thy father-in-law, Sinjā Kilin, and all has gone well with me. I saw at my side my nephew, Bahadar Shah, who was to me as a son, my Sardars brought their tribute at the due seasons, and the Ethiopians durst not cross my borders, while thy wisdom and justice settled all boundary disputes to the admiration of my wisest men. Now all this is changed. Bahadar Shah is gone from me, and Barkaraf Sahib orders me to receive in his stead the unnatural wretch who sought to slay me, his benefactor. Even now he rebukes me with great words because I would not suffer the mockery of his presence at the grave of him he slew. Speak, then, O my friend, and let me know thy mind. Who is Barkaraf Sahib that he should thrust himself into the affairs of this frontier of mine and thine? He cannot speak our tongue nor judge according to our customs, and he never beheld the face of Sinjā Kilin Sahib Bahadar. Surely his presumption and the evil of his doings cannot be known to the Sarkar? Wilt thou obtain leave for me to make a journey to the Court of the Great Lord Sahib, or of the Empress herself, that there I may lay the truth before them? Or if the Kumpsioner Sahib stands in the way of this, let me present a petition truthfully drawn up.'"

The ambassadress paused, but Georgia shook her head. "No, it would be no use," she said. "The Kumpsioner Sahib has the ear of the Sarkar, and that gives him a free hand here."

"Is it so, O doctor lady? Then listen to the last words of Ashraf Ali Khan: 'Let Nāth Sahib but say the word, and this frontier shall be no place for the Kumpsioner Sahib. Already my Sardars are murmuring against his doings, and the tribes resent his treatment of their friend. At a signal from me they will rise all along the border, and force the Kumpsioner Sahib to flee for his life, so that the Empress shall say, "Verily Barkaraf Sahib is no fit ruler for the men of Khemistan." But when he is gone, Nāth Sahib shall quell the rising without drawing a single sword, so that the Empress will send him a robe of honour and a state elephant, and name him ruler of Khemistan and the frontier for ever. Send back but one word through the mullah Aziz-ud-Din, whom I have despatched to amuse my nephew with empty words and grudging gifts, in obedience to the Kumpsioner Sahib, and the thing is done.'"

"Oh no, no!" cried Georgia, "that must never be. A rising now would only ruin my husband, and the Kumpsonier Sahib would be stronger than ever before. More than this, O Eye-of-the-Begum, such are not the ways of the English. Because the Kumpsonier Sahib is set over my husband, he is to be obeyed, and to intrigue against him or plot for his disgrace would be in our eyes a deadly wrong. The matter is ended."

"So be it, O doctor lady. The hands of Ashraf Ali Khan are clean. And one word more: see that thy lord seek a husband quickly for the Miss Sahib. Why does he not give her to the Dipty Sahib?" This was Fitz Anstruther, in his capacity of Dick's assistant or deputy. "He is young and well-spoken, and such a man as women love."

"I should like nothing better," said Georgia, with a sigh, "but I rather think the Miss Sahib will choose a husband for herself. And hark! I hear the Major Sahib returning. You will rest this night in the guest-house in the compound with your attendants?"

"Even so, O doctor lady, and in the morning I will return to Dera Gul with the medicine for my mistress, and with such words as the wisdom of the night may dispose thee and thy lord to send in answer to the Amir Sahib's message."

Georgia shook her head again sadly as she delivered the old woman into Rahah's charge, and having seen her safely out of the way, went to find Dick. He had got rid of his heavy boots, and was lounging luxuriously in a long chair in his den.

"That you at last, Georgie? Come in, old girl. How has the world gone with you all day? I'm just comfortably tired, and at peace with all mankind. What's up? Some obstinate patient who *will* die, eh?"

"No, nothing of that kind. I have had a messenger from Dera Gul."

"Not that awful East Indian woman, I hope?" Dick raised himself suddenly.

"No; the Eye-of-the-Begum, with a very secret message from the Amir. He wants you to join with him to get rid of the Commissioner."

"He does, does he? I thought Burgrave's last reprimand would wake him up a bit. He made it pretty clear that Bahram Khan was to be recognised as heir, and admitted to all the privileges of the post. It's funny, isn't it, that our respected superior doesn't seem to see what a creepy sort of thing it is to take into your bosom a snake that's tried to bite you already? Oh, Georgie, it is calculated to make a man swear when he sees a fellow like Burgrave, who has far less knowledge of district work than young Anstruther, and that so long ago that he's forgotten all about it, sent to upset a province where he doesn't even know the language, simply because he can write nice reports and is a favourite at Simla. I can't make pretty speeches to exalted personages, but I can keep this frontier quiet, and they won't let me do it."

"I know; it's perfectly shameful. But, Dick, I have something



else to tell you that will make you laugh, though it's rather horrid. Bahram Khan would like to marry Mab."

Dick bounced out of his chair. "The dirty hound! How dare he? He had better look out for the next time he comes across me! Why hadn't he the pluck to bring his impudent message himself?"

"I think his mother fancied the consequences might be disagreeable. He is good enough to offer his friendship as a bait."

"Thanks! I'd rather be without it. The whole thing is a plot, Georgie—a palpable plot to try and get me into trouble with Burgrave. There was no hint of this atrocious idea when Mab was at Dera Gul the other day, or we should have heard of it." Georgia felt uncomfortable, but her promise to Mabel kept her silent. "It's a clumsy trick devised on the spur of the moment. If I pretended to nibble at it, the next thing would be that Burgrave would be informed I was intriguing against him, and had offered my sister to Bahram Khan as a bribe to attract him to my side. We are on the down-grade, Georgie. I didn't know they had got so far as inventing false accusations against me yet. Pah! it makes a man sick of the whole thing."

"I fancy that Bahram Khan has had the idea in his mind longer than you imagine," Georgia ventured to say.

"Oh, you're a match-maker, as I've told you before. Please keep your speculations for pleasanter subjects in future. But I say, it's rather fine that the Commissioner should have Bahram Khan for a rival! I should just like to tell him so."

"But do you really think Mr. Burgrave is in love with Mab?"

"If he isn't, why does he stick on here so long without bringing off his great *coup*? He says it's because of the Christmas holidays, but a trifle like that wouldn't hold him back generally. My idea is that he wants to make sure of her before breaking with me."

"But she would have nothing to do with him in any case if he broke with you."

"You think so? Well, we shall see."

(*To be continued.*)



## OUTWARD BOUND—GIBRALTAR

"Nobly, nobly, Cape St. Vincent to the north-west died away,  
 Sunset ran one glorious blood-red, reeking into Cadiz Bay;  
 Bluish 'mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar lay,  
 In the dimmest north-east distance dawned Gibraltar, grand and  
 grey."  
 —BROWNING.

THERE are probably few places which, in interest of historic association, can compare with Gibraltar, or, as it is more familiarly known to those who have lived under its shadow, the Rock. But the importance of its ownership is more than one of mere sentiment, for Gibraltar, from its position at the extreme south of the Spanish peninsula, is a natural sentinel over our interests in the East. No ship can enter or leave the Mediterranean at this western entrance without passing in sight, and—a strong point in time of hostility—in artillery range of its batteries.

Since the far-off days when the early Phœnicians, braving the very real perils of Scylla and Charybdis, first steered their frail barques across the inland sea and finally landed on the shores of the mysterious Gib-el-Tarik—to give it its ancient name—to the time when Nelson, with the *Trafalgar* in tow, dropped anchor off the Mole, the Rock was almost continually the scene of strife. In fact, more blood has been shed and more enmity between nations engendered for the possession of this little strip of territory than has been occasioned by a century's wars in almost any other part of the globe.

The "fortune of war," in respect to Gibraltar, has indeed been strange. In the early days it seems to have been alternately in the hands of the Moors and the Spanish. In token of the occupancy by the former the Moorish Castle, which still stands, was built by Abul Hamez as long ago as the year A.D. 742. This ancient stronghold now fulfils the dual purpose of an artillery store and a civil prison.

For many years the Moors, under a succession of governors, retained possession of their prize. As their civilisation waned, however, so did the power of their hereditary foes increase, until finally Spain succeeded in driving the invaders back across the Straits. The vast importance, from a strategical point of view, of Gibraltar was promptly recognised by its new possessors, and the splendid fortifications which they now built enabled them to withstand the many stern sieges to which they were still constantly subjected.

The story of its capture by Admiral Rooke in 1704—ever since which day the English flag has floated over its ramparts—is one of

the most brilliant episodes in our history. But this, as well as the stirring events of its defence under General Elliott, during the years of the "Great Siege," is too well known to need recapitulation here. From that day to the present time no alien has been permitted to pass through the barrier gates, save on sufferance.

On an average, between fifteen and twenty thousand Spaniards daily come into Gibraltar from the neighbouring towns of La Linea, San Roque, Campamento, and Algeçiras. It is quite a sight to be present early in the morning at the gates of the bay-side barrier, which stands a few hundred yards from the commencement of the outer ramparts of the town proper. This barrier is in such a position that it is flanked on the one side by a piece of artificial water known as "The Inundation," and on the other by the sea. As these gates guard the only approach from Spain by land, it is practically impossible, without recourse to violence, to enter the town by road after they are closed.

Every morning, as soon as the gates are opened by an important functionary styled the "Key Sergeant," an eager crowd clamour for admission. A ceaseless stream of people now pour in. Cabs, crowded with three or four families, donkeys staggering under immense loads of fruit and wine-skins, with soldiers, sailors, tinkers, tailors, and peasants both simple and otherwise, besiege the officials at the little police station erected at this spot. Entry to the fortress is seldom refused to any, except in the case of known bad characters, &c. But even then the police please themselves to a great extent. As fresh constables are on duty daily, all of whom have widely different ideas as to the necessary standard of virtue to be observed, it follows that a good many undesirable people contrive to get in. It has even been hinted, although also repudiated as a foul calumny, that a surreptitious presentation of a *peseta* or two has occasionally solved any doubt as to the *bona fides* of the applicant in the mind of the official Robert.

A small pasteboard ticket, on which is printed "*Permit to enter Gibraltar until first evening gun-fire*," is the form that the "ticket of leave" takes. These are only meant for casual labourers, mule-drivers, fruit pedlars, tobacco and wine sellers, and so forth. Those who are regularly employed in the town, or gentlemen and their families wishing to pay visits, can always enter without previously going through the formality of applying for permission.

The number of residents is about twenty thousand. In addition, a garrison of about five thousand British troops is always maintained. This number forms the standing population, but, with the reinforcements from the surrounding country who come in for the day, the average daily number of people in Gibraltar is at least forty thousand. Although they have nominally come here to work, the main business of three parts of the aliens who thus enter the town on daily permit is smuggling, pure and simple. There is no duty on tobacco brought into Gibraltar, but all that is taken out into Spain is subjected to a duty by the Spanish Customs officials. A great quantity is smuggled

across the border every night after dusk, packed in bales on specially trained dogs. Women and children, even, also carry a considerable amount with them. A police inspector states that it is quite within the mark to assert that three out of every five peasants who leave at evening gun-fire, carry several pounds of tobacco and bundles of cigars concealed about their persons.

The comparatively small amount of space on which it is permitted to build being excessively limited, Gibraltar is very much crowded. Roughly speaking, the inhabited portions are at either end, while the centre portion is occupied by the Alameda, or public gardens. At the south end is the district of Rosia, with the barracks of Buena Vista, Windmill Hill, Naval Victualling Yard, Hospital, Magazines, and Dockyard as the most important buildings. At the north is the commercial part of the town. Here the chief points of interest are the Ragged Staff (P. & O. landing-place), flanked by the Saluting Battery, the Convent, where is the residence of H.E. the Governor, the Grand Casemates Barracks, the Market, and the Waterport Wharf, from which steamers ply across the bay to the Spanish and North African coasts.

The first sight of Gibraltar from the sea is an impressive one. Far ahead in the distance one sees, from the deck of the outward-bound steamer, a great grey mass of indefinite shape, looming up towards the clouds. As the ship approaches the mass takes form. Presently the lighthouse is sighted, and as one rounds Europa Point, and slips past Rosia and the heights of Windmill Hill Flats, dotted with buildings, the calm waters of the bay are entered, and the anchor chains rattle through the hawse-holes, under the shadow of the far-famed Rock.

It is a common mistake to imagine that Gibraltar is nothing but a great barren rock; as a matter of fact, this is by no means the case. In the height of the summer months certainly the fierce heat burns some portions of its surface, especially the upper ones, to a brownish tint. Still the lower slopes are covered with a mass of luxuriant tropical vegetation. Figs, olives, dates, oranges, and bananas grow in profusion in its sandy soil. Everywhere are highly flowering geraniums and creepers and shrubs in endless variety. The vine and the succulent prickly pear seem to flourish in the very stones, while the clematis and rose run wild in many parts.

Flowers and shrubs are carefully cultivated, and fulfil a most useful purpose in concealing batteries and magazines. Often a mossy bank, covered with ferns and flowers, hides a frowning gun or pile of shells. The guns in such positions are, as a further precaution, painted green in harmony with their surroundings. From a little distance they cannot then be observed, and the uninitiated visitor has no idea of their propinquity. Everywhere are batteries and barracks, with gardens, trees, and flowers in the most picturesque profusion imaginable. At every turn, some new feature, something of interest, delights the eye.

The low-storied, flat-roofed, whitewashed houses, with their green jalousies, half hidden by luxuriant creepers, have a very pleasing effect.

The public buildings in sight are not particularly striking, but the Asylum, nestling in a shady grove on the slopes of the Alameda, is charmingly situated. At the summit of the Rock is the Signal Station, from which, on a calm day, a ship at sea can be observed when forty miles distant. An aerial railway—a somewhat primitive construction of wire rope and revolving drum—is used to furnish stores to the staff of this elevated quarter.

It is worth while, if time permits, making the ascent of about 1300 feet, if only for the sake of the view which is to be obtained. One is then on the summit of one of the famous Pillars of Hercules, and the other, Mons Abyla, across the Straits, is easily discernible. In fine weather can be seen Ceuta, once visited by Hannibal, and also Tangier and Cape Spartel in North Africa. On the Spanish coast lie, glistening in the bright sunlight, Algeciras, Campamento, San Roque, and Mount Carbonera, and in the distance the high range of the Severnia de Ronda and the Sierra Nevadas are visible.

A stroll through the Alameda well repays the visitor. The gardens contain some of the most beautiful scenery in the south of Andalusia. In their preparation a vast expenditure of both labour and money has been entailed. Still, this has been fully justified by the results. Brightly flowering plants and creepers charm the eye in every direction. No less than four hundred and fifty-six species are indigenous to Gibraltar, and most of them are here carefully cultivated. Here and there are tastefully designed grottoes and fountains, bordered with cypress and myrtle trees, while numerous pines afford a grateful protection from the sun. Many varieties of butterflies and bright-hued birds flit hither and thither from tree to tree.

Still, these sylvan groves are not altogether given up to such Arcadian simplicity. A parade-ground occupies a clearing at the northern entrance. On its borders are the Assembly Rooms and the Benatay Theatre. A hundred-ton gun, a marvel of modern mechanism, loaded and trained by hydraulic power and fired by electricity, is half concealed by an immense bank, thickly planted with shrubs. The "Victoria Battery" contains some powerful guns, and there are also, in various sheltered positions, several magazines and shell stores.

Altogether a walk through the Alameda is of great interest, and its shady paths form a welcome retreat from the dust and heat of the crowded streets. In the evening, when a military band performs, it is the rendezvous of the majority of the inhabitants. In the afternoon, however, it is chiefly given up to nurse-maids.

On landing at the Ragged Staff Wharf, most people make first of all for the Galleries. This entails a journey through the town, which it will be found interesting to make on foot.

Passing under the arch of the Southport Gate, the entrance to the main street is gained. The first building of note now met with is the Convent, as is named the Governor's residence. It is built of red sandstone, and, from the outside, is not altogether imposing. Inside,

however, it is full of interest. The foundations of the old Convent, on whose site the present building stands, were laid in the year 1480.

In one part of the building is the office of the Military Secretary, to whom application for permission to visit the Galleries must be made. Armed with the necessary authority (which is easily obtained when the powers that be are convinced that no sinister designs on the life and property of her Majesty's loyal and faithful lieges are entertained), the journey is continued.

Waterport Street, or *Calle Real* in Spanish, is the chief commercial quarter of the town. It has some fairly good shops, and several excellent cafés and hotels. The street is an exceedingly interesting one, on account of the cosmopolitan character of its habitués. The number of Moors and Arabs, in their picturesque dress of flowing bernous and turban-crowned fez, who live in the town is surprising. In the time of the periodical disturbances which occur in Morocco, numbers of them leave for the more hospitable shores of Gibraltar. Here they generally earn their livelihood as vendors of fruit and poultry produce. Their cry, *Huevos se venden aqui* ("Eggs for sale"), soon becomes familiar to residents. They are a finely built race of people, and are exceedingly well behaved. They are honest and sober, generous to their own race, and never quarrel with the Spanish tradespeople.

The curiosity shops, kept by Hindoos, offer for sale an assortment of goods from the gorgeous East. The contents of many of these warehouses are of the greatest beauty, and are also exceedingly valuable. The owners are curious people to deal with, and scarcely seem to care in the least whether you buy anything or not. Indeed, the prohibitive prices at which they appraise their goods renders the doing of any business, save by millionaires, almost impossible. When one comes to know them, many of their little peculiarities are discovered. For instance, if the price of a carpet is asked, they will calmly state a sum of money which is about ten times more than they are prepared to accept. When the customer indignantly announces his intention of not giving anything like the amount demanded, they blandly remark, "Very likely," and, reversing positions, inquire what he is prepared to give? The Oriental dearly loves a bargain, and would feel hurt if one offered to buy any of his goods at his own valuation. A Hebrew, however, will pursue one half-way down the street rather than let one depart without making a purchase.

A stroll through this street is full of interest, and at every turn the real cosmopolitanism of the town is borne upon one. A babel of tongues fills the air; Jews and Gentiles, of every nationality and class, throng the narrow pavements; Greeks and Turks from the Levant gesticulate at street corners; Moors from Morocco, and coal-black negroes from the Desert, offer their merchandise in the curious little box-like shops that are wedged in, here and there, along the route; Europeans of all races crowd the cafés; and men-of-warsmen and British soldiers walk boldly along, as if they individually owned the

town. The rest of the crowd is chiefly composed of native hucksters and fruit pedlars.

An infantry battalion, with blare of bugles and roll of drums, marching to the drill-ground on the outskirts of the town, causes a temporary suspension of the traffic. As one stands aside to watch them pass, we feel proud of the well-set-up, bronzed, and soldierly-looking men comprising its ranks. Very different are they from the few specimens of undersized, unclean-looking Spanish *carboneros*, who aimlessly loaf about the streets. A turning to the right, and a short ascent up a somewhat steep road, brings us to the entrance to the lower line of galleries near the Moorish Castle. The credentials are handed to the commander of the guard, who, after satisfying himself that they are in order, and that we contemplate no improper designs on Government property, details a gunner of the Artillery to act as guide.

A vast amount of locking and unlocking of gates now ensues, and in a few minutes the explorer finds himself walking along a narrow passage cut out of the rock, and in a gallery. Although only the "lower lines" are open to visitors, all the galleries are very similar. For the first hundred yards or so it is quite dark. The lantern carried by the guide casts strange shadows on the walls, glistening from the limestone of which they are chiefly composed, and a peculiar eerie feeling seizes new-comers. Presently, a faint light ahead denotes an embrasure. Looking through the opening, the main road into Spain and the Bay of Gibraltar, crowded with shipping, and the white houses of Algeçiras, are seen far below.

A vast chamber, called St. George's Hall, hewn out of the solid rock, affords a suitable halting-place. The gallery, pierced at intervals with embrasures, each duly provided with its gun and pile of ammunition, stretches out to a seemingly interminable distance. The amount of labour entailed by this wonderful feat of engineering seems stupendous, when one thinks of the critical period at which it was undertaken. The excavations were made chiefly by convict labour, under the superintendence of a Sergeant Ince of the Royal Engineers, during the stormy times of the great siege. The labour, vast as it was, was amply repaid by the damage that the guns, which they were able to get into position, inflicted on the enemy. Without their assistance the history of the Rock would probably have been very different. Mr. Ince was rewarded with a commission, and a piece of ground, known as "Ince's Farm," was also presented to him.

As time, tide, and P. & O. boats wait for no one, it soon becomes necessary to retrace one's steps.

In order of importance, the Market is the next point of interest. This is situated near the Waterport Wharf. The roadway, a continuation of the main street, leads across the drill square of the Casemate Barracks. One pauses for a moment to watch a squad of khaki-clothed white-helmeted men at drill. A sentry, pacing his beat outside the



guard-room, appears to be as unconcerned with the novelty of his surroundings as if he were again in a peaceful English barrack-yard. It scarcely seems to be a case of "times change, and we with them." At home or abroad it is all one to Atkins, his pipe-clay and military paraphernalia accompany him, and everything is done "according to routine."

Passing under an archway at the further end of the square brings one to the Market.

This is divided into several portions. In the one are displayed eggs and poultry by Moors, who seem to make a special business of the sale of such produce; another portion is devoted to the native fishermen, who offer an excellent variety in the way of turbot, soles, red mullet, cod, and mackerel. The third division of the Market is that in which fruit and vegetables are sold. The fruit is chiefly remarkable for the excellence of its quality and its extraordinary cheapness.

Of the fruits of the earth there is in Gibraltar, in due season, an almost endless variety. Figs, cherries, oranges, and sweet lemons, raisins from Valencia, and nuts from Barcelona, with apricots, prickly pears, and grapes, can be obtained at a most trifling charge. The most delicious muscatel grapes are in June sold for twopence a pound. In England the price for such grapes would be from four to six shillings, and this after their delicate flavour had deteriorated by carriage.

After grapes, cherries and apricots are the choicest fruits of Spain. Extremely low prices prevail. In fact, so much is this the case, that for a few pence a basket can be filled with the choicest of oranges, bananas, grapes, and figs, both fresh and dried.

The apple does not appear to flourish in this part of the country. Strawberries, also, are very poor in quality. Nearly all of the fruit and vegetables that come into the Market are the produce of the country within a few miles of Gibraltar.

After the market-place has been explored, and a stock of fruit duly laid in, it is probably time to think about retracing one's steps. In walking, some twenty minutes will be consumed; if a cab is chartered, less than half that time will suffice.

On arriving again at the Ragged Staff, a boat, manned by a couple of swarthy Spaniards, is engaged. Their fee for the row to the anchorage, a couple of hundred yards away, is one *escudo* (two shillings) a head. This, of course, is rank extortion, but it has to be put up with, as there is no other way of returning to the ship.

The short pull across the calm water of the bay is soon over, and once more one ascends the gangway laden with mementoes of Gibraltar. Scarcely is the deck fairly gained when the screw revolves, and the great ship steams slowly past the Mole. The "Rock" gradually recedes from view, and the outward voyage is continued.

HORACE WYNDHAM.



## REVERSIONS

BY JOHN AYSCOUGH, AUTHOR OF "ON KALI'S SHOULDER," ETC.

### CHAPTER XIII

MARK stood in the Place de la Concorde, and looked for twenty seconds at the dismally pathetic statue of Strasburg, with its ugly but touching wreaths and tributes. Then he went on, over the tragic site of so many executions, and so into the shade of the Elysées.

On a bench, a hundred yards up, sat a figure concerning whose identity he could not be mistaken. To be accurate, there were two figures, but only one of them was known to him. Both were ladies, and both were English: but one was young and one wasn't. The one who wasn't Mark had never seen before: the younger lady was Miss Eccleston.

He had no decision to make as to whether or no it behoved him to speak to her.

She turned her head first, as he caught sight of her, and exclaimed: "Captain Dorset! Oh, Aunt Carrie, there's Captain Dorset."

Aunt Carrie had never heard of Captain Dorset, but his arrival seemed so opportune that she smiled most affably, and made ready to become acquainted with excellent goodwill.

The two ladies had just been criticising the trousers and the hat of a passing Frenchman.

"Oh dear, Aunt Carrie," the girl had said, "how one longs for a good wholesome Englishman to talk to."

"And now," she declares to Mark, "you come dropping down from heaven just as we were getting ready to feel homesick."

He was presented to the elder lady, and made to understand, somehow, by the younger, that his former indiscretions were forgiven.

"And what on earth," she inquired, "brings *you* to Paris? It seems to me that people only come here for one of two reasons, either on their honeymoon, or else to buy gowns and bonnets. Do *you* come to Paris for your bonnets, Captain Dorset?"

"And have *you* come on your honeymoon?" he retorts, not without dexterity.

"Not yet," the girl replies hardily; "when I go on my wedding-trip I shall take my bridegroom with me."

"My dear Madge," says the old lady, "what nonsense you are talking."

"That's not nonsense, is it, Captain Dorset?" declares the girl; "it shows a very proper spirit."

They both laugh. And no one notices how constrained his mirth is. Miss Eccleston begins to explain her presence.

It seems that three weeks ago she was summoned to Paris on account of the illness of a godmother. "She was only quite a distant relation, but she was all alone in the world, and I was about as near to her as anybody; and she always liked me and was very nice to me. Not that we met very often; for, you see, she liked to live over here, and very seldom came to England. Now she's dead, Captain Dorset, and she made me her heir. That's why I'm in mourning."

"Madge!" cried her aunt, much scandalised.

"Aunt Carrie, it's no use being shocked. You know very well I shouldn't have gone into mourning if she had not left me all her money—even though she had died a dozen times."

"You don't seem to have gone very *far* in," observes the young man, critically; "one would not say you mourned as they who are without hope."

"That's what papa says. He came over for the funeral last week. He has a gout attack; that's what we're waiting on for."

The old lady declared that it was rather chilly in the shade, and began to get up steam for departure.

"Would Captain Somerset come to dinner," she inquired, "at eight, at the Hotel Meyerbeer—close to here in the Elysées?"

Her niece laughed; it seemed to her that the young man looked unduly upset by the havoc in his name. He expressed, however, his regret that he was engaged already.

"Well, come and see us when you can," the girl added; "we shall be another week, I dare say. It's very good of me to want him, Aunt Carrie; the last time we met we quarrelled, and he was ever so tiresome."

Perhaps the old lady was sharper than her juniors imagined, and formed some sort of surmise as to the nature of the quarrel.

"That's your account of it, my dear!" she observed drily. "Perhaps Captain Somerset found you unpleasant also."

"What a ridiculous hypothesis!" exclaimed Miss Eccleston. But, as she held out her hand in farewell, there was some admission in her manner that she might indeed have been also "tiresome."

"If only you had had the sense to wait," her eyes declared, "and not been in such indecent haste, the answer might have been different."

Captain Dorset sat down upon the bench that they had just vacated, and his eyes followed them drearily. To him, like the judge in Maud Müller, it seemed that of all the words of tongue or pen the saddest is, "It might have been."

## CHAPTER XIV

CAPTAIN DORSET sat upon the bench, where so recently the two ladies had been seated, on the left side of the Elysées, as one goes towards the Arc de Triomphe: and the expression of his face was dismal, and indeed stern.

He had no intention of meeting Madge again if he could help it; but it was unpleasant to know how necessary such a resolution was.

A man who smokes will probably do so if he is worried or out of gear. Mark pulled out his case and put a cigarette between his lips, but he felt in vain in his pockets for matches. The impossibility of getting a light was certainly an additional grievance at that moment.

"Can I help you?"

The offer was from a gentleman, passing leisurely, who had noticed Mark's dilemma. The gentleman sat down and handed him a match-box. While the cigarette was being lighted the stranger watched the younger man with some amusement. "You look," he said whimsically, "rather down on your luck; as if you were just going to be hanged—or perhaps married."

"I have just been married."

They both laughed slightly: the elder man was tall and very handsome; but lean, and careworn-looking. He might have been thirty-five or thirty-six years old. But his hair was entirely untinged with grey, and his face clean shaven. Both in his manners and appearance there was something eastern—difficult to define or even appreciate, but unmistakable.

He spoke English quite perfectly, but nevertheless with some faint foreign suggestion that puzzled and almost teased one.

For a few minutes the two men chatted desultorily, then a sudden low exclamation from the stranger caused Mark to turn sharply and look at him.

"What is it?" he asked; "you seemed startled."

"I thought," replied the elder man, "that I recognised somebody."

He was looking up the grand avenue in the direction of the Arc de Triomphe, towards the right side of the broad roadway. There were many carriages going each way, and it was not easy to follow the direction of his eyes as he stared among them.

He sighed, and seemed to relinquish the attempt to see again what had caught his attention.

"It was a wonderful likeness," he explained, turning to Mark very courteously, "but it was only for a moment, and after all the distance was considerable."

"You thought you caught sight of an acquaintance?" observed Mark, more out of a polite show of interest than curiosity.

"An acquaintance!"

"A great friend, I see."

The gentleman laughed softly and turned again to Mark.

"It was my wife," he said, "whom I thought I caught sight of."

"Your wife! But surely in that case you could scarcely be mistaken."

The stranger shook his head.

"We have not met," he answered, "for many years. Nevertheless I believe it was she. There is no other woman in all the world so beautiful."

"Would you mind," asked Mark, "telling me your wife's name. I know it is an odd request."

The dark stranger turned his beautiful eyes full on Mark, and answered without hesitation. "My wife," he said, "is called the Baroness Ferdinand Von Hagel."

It had never struck Mark previously that his presence of mind was remarkable, but on this occasion his retention of it was really rather singular. With scarcely any pause he took the cigarette from his lips, and said very quietly:

"You may easily have seen the Baroness Von Hagel—I know she is in Paris."

The stranger leapt to his feet, and Mark rose also.

"How can I find her?" cried the elder man, "it would be useless to try and track her now. How can I find where she is staying?"

"One moment," said Mark, "I know the Baroness. In England she is spoken of as a widow."

"I am not surprised. She must for years have believed me dead. I was wrecked, and I alone escaped. By a party of Riff pirates, however, I was picked up and sold into slavery on the Tripoli coast. Thence I was carried to the interior and sold again. My purchaser was fond of me, but cruel beyond all expression: during seven years he treated me well, with two exceptions. Twice I attempted escape and was recaptured; I was then tortured, and given to understand that with each such attempt the tortures would be increased. I was surrounded by spies, and, though the horror of torture could not kill in me the determination to escape, it made me cautious. Until five months ago my attempts failed. At last I succeeded, but it took me months—alone, hounded, unprovisioned—to reach the coast; and to-day have I reached Paris, by the night mail, to leave it for England."

"You have not written to your wife?"

"No, until the last few days I had no chance. Now I want to see her, not to write."

"Forgive my saying it," said Mark quietly, "but have you thought what such a shock would be?"

The Baron admitted that he had not sufficiently considered that.

"If," continued Mark, "you go to Galignani's they might know her hotel; meanwhile I will also do my best. Suppose you meet me in an hour at the Hotel Meurice, perhaps I shall have news for you. If I see her first, may I use my discretion in breaking some hint of this to her?"

The man, who claimed to be the husband of the Baroness, agreed, and there and then they parted. The elder man called a carriage and ordered it to drive to Galignani's: Mark walked up the avenue a little way and then jumped into another.

"Drive on slowly towards the Arc de Triomphe," he said, "I expect to meet some one coming back."

It was as he thought; in a few minutes he met his wife, driving slowly back and peering among the trees on the left side. He dismissed his seedy fiacre and joined her in her smart Victoria, ordering the man, rather to her surprise, to return at once to the Hotel Continental.

It was not easy to begin upon the subject on which he had to speak: very difficult to approach it at all without abruptness. For a few moments he was silent, and his preoccupation was very apparent.

"I saw some one," she herself began, "as I was driving just now, whom I did not expect at all to see here—some one I know."

He turned sharply towards her, but in an instant he recognised that she could not thus have spoken of seeing the husband whom she had so long believed to be dead.

On her side his start struck her as peculiar. Her remark scarcely, she thought, justified it.

"I saw that Miss Eccleston," she continued, trying not to watch him, "who was staying at Haddon the night I arrived."

"Oh! I saw her too. She was with an aunt—an old maid, I fancy. We had a little talk. It seems a godmother and distant relation of Miss Eccleston's died here lately and has left her a fortune."

"Ah! I noticed the mourning and the high spirits."

To this he made no reply. The tone was, of course, critical: and he disliked it. But he recognised that it was not called for that at this moment he should champion the young lady to his wife.

Presently she turned to him, and said—"Mark!" calling him, almost for the first time, by his Christian name.

He turned at once, and their eyes met frankly. His were full of trouble, but it was only the trouble of his sense of the great difficulty of the task he had to perform. He was not at all a coward, even morally: and he delayed only out of the dread of abruptness. He was thinking wholly of her. Nevertheless he knew that the delay was increasing the difficulty of beginning.

"Mark!" said his wife, "I have been thinking. And so have you, haven't you?"

"I never make much hand of it," he said, "it's not my line." He laughed, but it did not seem that his laughter was very light-hearted.

"Do you remember," she asked, "the afternoon that you proposed to me?"

She spoke very gently, as if the remembrance was one she liked: and he replied as gently—

"Yes, dear. I shall always remember that."

They both thought of it. The old tapestried room, the slanting yellow light of the late August afternoon, the happy air of ancient peace about the quaint old-world scene in which they had said their say, he and she.

"I told you then," she said, "how it was with me. That I was still, and would for ever be, in love with a dead man."

"Yes," he said; he remembered very well.

"But you," she continued, "you said nothing to me of your being also in love."

"No," he answered, not defending himself, "I know I did not."

"But, Mark, I think you were. I think so now; it never struck me then."

He made no denial, and no excuse.

"Why, my dear," she cried, in her low clear voice, "oh, why did you not tell me?"

"I had asked," he answered, and, as I think, bravely, "and I had been refused."

"The day before?"

"Yes. The very day before."

"Oh, Mark!"

It was their first difference. The strangeness of the position seemed to him so great, that almost all other feeling was swallowed up in the sense of it. She was his wife, and she was not his wife. Her sole right to their questions lay in his being, as she thought, her husband. And they had only been married a few hours. He did not challenge her right, or deprecate her judgment. If she was angry, he did not protest against her anger, or silence her by the crushing statement of the truth.

He had deserved the correction, and he took it mildly—without even kissing the rod!

They came to the hotel.

She preceded him upstairs to their rooms. He lingered behind and bade the carriage wait. He asked also that his account might be prepared, explaining that, most unexpectedly, both he and Madame had to leave. He made them understand that there would be no discussion as to the amount; and seeing that, and that Monsieur was evidently troubled, they met him fairly. Even hotel-keepers are not all bandits. Having made these arrangements, he followed his wife upstairs, still thinking wholly of her, and yet feeling that he would give much to be spared this interview.

Oddly enough, he never for a moment doubted that the other man was, in truth, her husband.

## CHAPTER XV

HE found his wife in their sitting-room, out of which, on one side, opened their private dining-room; on the other their bedroom, beyond which was his own dressing-room.

She was standing by one of the open windows looking out into the gardens of the Tuileries opposite.

Half-an-hour had already gone by since he had parted from Von Hagel; in another half-hour he must meet him at the Hotel Meurice. As he entered she turned to meet him, and he saw at once that there was to be no further allusion to his offence. It had been, the girl thought, their first matrimonial discussion—and it was over: perhaps it might be their last.

"Oh, Mark!" she said, "you look so grave. Was I nasty? I did not mean to be."

"No, dear," he answered gently, "you could not be nasty."

She held out her hands to him, and he took them with a grave cordiality.

She seemed so small and weak! And he was so huge and strong. He could not guess how great the shock might be of what he had to tell. But, after all—time pressed so—he was almost forced to be abrupt.

"My dear," he said, "do not think, just now, about me at all. There is something concerning yourself that I have to tell you."

She scanned his face with doubting wonder.

"But does it not concern you too?" she asks.

"Yes, but for me it is different. I am a man, and we do not feel things like you."

"What is it?" she almost whispers, half-scared by the anxious gravity of his face.

"It is nothing bad," he answers, "for you a great joy. But for me scarcely that."

He smiled rather sadly, she thought.

"Oh, Mark," she whispers, "are not our joys to be the same?"

He shakes his head.

"In this," he says, "they cannot be. And even for you the joy must come as a great shock."

He does not take his eyes from her startled face, nor can she do anything but search his for the meaning of his riddles. He feels her tremble a little, and knows that she is leaning on him for support.

"Oh!" she cries, "what is it? Tell me, Mark. It frightens me to see you look so grave, and understand nothing."

He is in desperation: the time is hurrying on, and she seems to have no inkling.

"My dear," he says, himself shaking, "you must be told——"

Still he can scarcely tell her. Then he does.



"Your husband," he says in a strained low voice, "your husband is alive."

She is quite dazed.

"My husband! *You* are my husband," she stammers.

He still holds her hands, and feels how they tremble. He shakes his head gently.

"You . . . you mean," and the words will scarcely come through the quivering gate of speech. "You mean *that Rudolph is alive?*"

"Yes," he says, "he is, I believe, alive. And I have seen him: he is here—in Paris."

"But," she cries, as if she dreaded that he was deceiving her, "he died. He was drowned. They identified his body."

Mark shakes his head, and still she clings to his strong support, her whole body—the whole of it he feels, so small, so frail—shivering as if in fever.

Then, very slowly and softly, as if to a child who has been ill and must be told everything very simply and gradually, he told her what he had himself been told. And, as she listened, she became calm, and a strange, almost unearthly light of rapture grew in her great eyes. It gave him a sort of pang. He knew that the pang was unreasonable, but he knew that it was there. After all, he had thought of her all day as his wife. And ever since he had known her he had appreciated her. Not all his being in love with Madge had ever blinded him to the greater sweetness, more wonderful beauty, of this girl who had been for a few hours his wife.

Then he told her his plan.

"I meet him," he said, "at half-past seven at the Hotel Meurice, where I shall take my things. Yours you will take to the Hotel Bristol. I will send him there to you, or bring him rather. For though, somehow, I have no doubt, there is the *possibility* of doubt. If *you* doubt after seeing him then you need me, and I am yours for every need. If you have no doubt and recognise him as—as himself—then it must be for you to decide whether he should be told anything of our marriage or not. My own feeling would be to tell him nothing yet, later if you like. But remember that no one in all the world really knows of our marriage. It has not been registered—owing to the parson's illness; the only witnesses were that old man and woman, half blind and wholly stupid, who only saw us that once in the dark church. As for the parson he saw me twice, and you once. Nor is he ever likely to meet either of us again."

"You have sent no notice to the papers?"

"Not yet. I have it in my pocket now."

## CHAPTER XVI

AND now," said Mark, "we must say good-bye. For it is time that you should go. I heard them take your things down. You will find them on the carriage we were driving in just now. Drive at once to the Hôtel Bristol, and take rooms there. I am so sorry I cannot save you the trouble of doing it for yourself. Have your luggage taken up at once, and then have your dinner. Before you have finished we shall be there too."

"What was he like?" she asks irrelevantly and for the twentieth time.

At each word of Mark's she knows more surely that the wonderful news is true.

"Good-bye," she says presently, "we shall always be dear friends."

"Always dear friends," he answers, "but friends who are apart."

She made some gesture of question, and he said that it even must be so.

"After all," he tells her, "you have been my wife to-day, and I have been your husband. Any other *intercourse* of friendship would for us two be grotesque henceforward, and unseemly. Nor," he adds sincerely, "should I like to meet you and *see* you as the wife of another man."

She feels that he speaks wisely and with a singular apprehension of the truth. It is odd, but she knows that she should not care either to *see* him married to another woman.

"And yet," she says, "you *will* marry. And be happy."

He offers no heroic denial.

"Oh yes," he admits, "I shall marry; and be happy—I am one of those men who are bound to be happy and bound to be married."

"And I think," she tells him, "that you would make any woman happy." She tries not to think of any particular woman—she certainly will not think of Miss Eccleston. A ridiculous jealousy of that young woman assails her, and she knows it.

For a moment they are both silent, then he takes her hand again, for it is time that she should go.

"God's providence," he says gravely, "is a strange thing: a strange but true thing. I am not much of a religious man, but I *know* that. All these years it has guarded *him*," she knew that he meant her husband; "and it has been with us too."

He is first to turn towards the door: he opens it for her, and stands holding it as she passes out. The room has no signs of their brief occupation; it has rather a forlorn look, he thinks. The door into the dining-room is open, and they can see the smart table, with its plate and glass and flowers, set out for their first conjugal repast.

They pass down the broad shallow stairs—it is not worth while to descend by the lift: and he places her in the waiting carriage. Here they make no farewells, she leans forward and herself directs the driver. And she is gone, their honeymoon is over; and Mark stands a widowed-bachelor upon the steps of the hotel watching her as she goes.

He sighs a little as he turns away. The ending of a dream has always a certain wistfulness, albeit the awakening is to a reality as happy.

Another carriage loaded with his luggage stands waiting. He pays the account they have prepared, and distributes generous gratuities. Then he too departs.

But for the baggage it would be absurd to drive to the Hotel Meurice, it is so near. He is there almost immediately.

He jumps down and goes straight in, having paid the *cocher*. He engages rooms and bids them have his baggage taken up. Then he goes at once into the *salle à manger* and sits down at a small table. They bring him soup, and he then says that he expects a gentleman. In a few minutes the gentleman is shown in: it appears that the gentleman was waiting in the *fumoir*.

This he has done intentionally to gain a little more time.

"Well," he says, "could Galignani help you?"

"No. They were horribly busy and not very attentive at first: they evidently did not think it at all an important matter, and I did not care to be too explicit. At last they found time to attend to me, and did what they could."

"But to no purpose?"

"To no purpose. They seemed to be telephoning to half the hotels and pensions in Paris."

"Baroness Von Hagel would not be at a pension," observed Mark.

"No, I expect not. But, you see, after eight years in the heart of Tripoli one's ideas of polite customs might get antiquated. What's all wrong one year gets all right the next. So I let them go their own way to work. But it led to nothing."

He had taken a seat, in a temporary sort of way, sitting sideways on it with his hat and stick in his hand. Meanwhile Mark had eaten his soup and a little fish.

He poured out some wine and pushed it towards Von Hagel, who took it carelessly without any acknowledgment, and drank it as if he was not thinking of it at all.

Mark himself drank some and said—

"Well! I have been more fortunate: I have seen her."

"It was her that I saw? I felt *sure* I was not mistaken."

"No, I do not think you were mistaken. I met her almost immediately after you had gone away: and made her stop and let me get into her carriage. I drove with her to her hotel, and have prepared her mind for your coming. You will find her at the Hotel Bristol."

Baron Von Hagel jumped up.

"And why are we gossiping here?" he exclaimed. "Come, let us go at once."

Mark also rose, but more deliberately.

"To tell the truth," he replied, "I have kept you here these few moments intentionally. It is scarcely half-an-hour since I left the Baroness. I told her I was going to meet you, and bring you to her. Meanwhile, I begged her to take some refreshment. She only crossed over from England to-day, and must be fatigued by her journey, apart from this great shock—for you know it must be a shock, however full of joy so enormous a surprise may be. It was her very recent arrival that prevented Galignani's knowing her whereabouts; by to-morrow he could certainly have told you."

## CHAPTER XVII

IF Mark had before felt any doubts as to the genuineness of the *soi-disant* Baron Von Hagel's claims, they would have vanished the moment he saw that man of strange adventures and his supposed widow meet. As a matter of fact, he had had none.

Truth is often oddly convincing, and from the first the young man had felt himself to be in the presence of facts which no mere discussion of probabilities or unlikelihoods would shake or alter.

His own position, of course, was the most peculiar conceivable. He had quite legally married a lady who was legally quite free to marry. But, more than that, she had felt herself, believed herself, to be equally free as regards the sanction of divine law also.

And now it was discovered, within half-a-dozen hours of their marriage, that the lady was not a widow: and therefore that their marriage, legal or not, could be none in the eye of Heaven. And the husband, thus given back by death, was not the more unwelcome one returned, as Ulysses said, "like ghosts to trouble joy."

He had been her one and only lover.

Meanwhile their marriage, by the merest chance unregistered, had had so few witnesses, and of such a character, that it was in the greatest possible degree unlikely that it would ever be known to have taken place, except by their own avowal.

All this was very present to the mind of the young man as he walked beside Von Hagel on their way to the Hotel Bristol.

"Yes," the Concierge admitted, "the Baroness Von Hagel had descended *chez nous*. Did these gentlemen wish to see Madame?"

They were escorted to her apartments—again a fine suite on the first floor.

In the outer salon their conductor left them: passing through a very small anteroom to the little *salle à manger* of the suite where, he thought, Madame *était à table*.

In a few moments he returned. Yes, Madame la Baronne would receive these gentlemen. Would they be seated? He placed chairs, altered the blinds a little, and withdrew.

He had scarcely disappeared when the Baroness came in.

She was very pale, which altered her singularly. And Mark noticed that her slight frame trembled so much that she could scarcely stand.

But she had scarcely let her earnest gaze rest upon the man whom she had long mourned as dead, when all this was changed. A lovely flush swept away the pallor of her face and throat, a glistening moisture, that was all of happiness, filled her wondrous eyes, and the lips parted in a smile that told of long grief, and of such a joy as we mortals only know as the revulsion from long grief and pain!

Mark stood in the balcony, his hands leant upon the marble, his eyes bent upon the street; but they had no heed of the passing to and fro of the city's busy traffic. They were full of that meeting he had just seen: and his mind was entangled with it.

Was it not possible without such previous sorrow to know such unmeasured gladness? Must earthly happiness be always the removal or the mere absence of suffering?

Presently she herself came out on to the balcony, and stood beside him in the gathering dusk.

He turned and looked down upon her happy face, half-grudgingly; never, he knew, though they had been wedded half a life-time, would his coming have lighted in her eyes the lamp that burned there now.

She stood beside him silent, and yet half wondering at his silence.

"Good-bye," he said at last.

And she knew that there could only now remain farewells.

He took her hand and lifted it until his lips touched it.

"This," he said, "is all you ever meant to give me. And now I give it back. But always it will have been an honour that for any time at all it should have been mine."

He released it very gently, almost as if he feared it might fall and break, it seemed so small and fragile.

And so he left her, passing into the room where her husband waited for him to say farewell.

"Good-bye," the elder man said heartily, "you have helped me very much. It was a great good fortune that I met you."

"Yes," replied the other, "it was very fortunate."

Perhaps something in the young man's face arrested the Austrian's attention.

"Perhaps," he said drily, "you have less reason to rejoice at our meeting than I have."

"I am very glad, indeed, we met. It was a singular good fortune," Mark answered quietly.

They were out on the staircase now, Von Hagel seeing his guest off. He laughed a little.

"I thought, perhaps," he said, "my resurrection might have spoiled wishes of your own."

"You forget," said Mark a little grimly, "that I told you I had just got married."

"Ah! So you did! and I am keeping you from your bride. Good-bye, good-bye; hurry off to her, and make her all my apologies for keeping you so long from her."

"Good-bye," said Mark, still smiling grimly; and so he went, without, however, promising to deliver the Baron's messages to his wife.

## CHAPTER XVIII

CAPTAIN DORSET did not immediately return to England: though he remained only a very short time in Paris.

On the night of his wedding he did not go back to finish his interrupted dinner at the Hotel Meurice. But later in the evening he had a sort of meal at a café in the Rue Royale, which he chiefly selected because it had no associations of any sort for him. He had never been there before, and he did not suppose that he knew anybody who ever had.

His meal was solitary and, perhaps, not very cheerful. But he had, and the consciousness tended to encourage him, the testimony of a good conscience.

He must have been aware that in all these peculiar and bewildering circumstances he had behaved better than might have been expected.

On the following day he met Miss Eccleston and her aunt again. Perhaps he would not otherwise have called upon them before leaving Paris.

"Papa is much better," the girl informed him, "and the doctor half promises to let him start the day after to-morrow."

"For England?"

"Oh no. He is to go to some baths. The doctor talks of Aix les Bains, but we've been there; and Aunt Carrie has never been to Baden-Baden."

"My dear child," expostulated the old lady, "there are a thousand places that I've never been to—and never expect to go to."

"Well, you may as well begin expecting to go to Baden-Baden. For you certainly will. It's a delightful place, Captain Dorset, is it not?"

He declared that it was an earthly paradise: though he had not visited it, or even thought of doing so until now.

"To-day we want to go to Versailles," Miss Eccleston informed him. "We are determined to do something. One has seen everything in Paris, except the Morgue, and Aunt Carrie won't let us see that."



He offered with some diffidence to be their escort, and his offer was accepted almost without hesitation.

The expedition was quite a success, and Captain Dorset was prevailed upon to dine with them on their return. Mr. Eccleston was not able to sit at the table, though he lay on a sofa in the room.

Before the young man bade them all good-night, Miss Eccleston understood that she need feel no great surprise if they should happen to come across Captain Dorset again at Baden-Baden.

A fortnight later Baroness Von Hagel and her husband walked into the gardens of the Kursaal at Baden, and turned to the right into the shady walk along the railings.

Presently her husband stood still, and laying one hand on her arm pointed silently to a group beneath one of the big trees between them and the Casino.

There was an elderly gentleman and lady playing dominoes, and occasionally yawning; and a much younger lady and gentleman without occupation, but not yawning at all. Occasionally they chatted, though the young lady seemed to do most of the conversation. The gentleman tilted his chair back and looked at her from under the brim of a straw hat that was also tilted, and rested at this moment on his nose.

"Shall we go up and speak to him?" inquired the Baron. "It's your friend Dorset, isn't it?"

The Baroness said that there was no necessity to interrupt them.

"He looked awfully down the time I saw him first," said Von Hagel; "he said it was his wedding-day, and I am sure he was repenting at leisure . . . but he looks pretty well reconciled now, doesn't he?"

"He certainly appears reconciled to his destiny now," repeated the Baroness, in a less complacent tone than might have been expected.

## THE LOVER TO THE WAVES

**B**LUE is the noon on the sea,  
And the waves break starry on the sand ;  
Lights and sounds and scents come free  
On the radiant air of the land.  
I am filled with the melody of waves,  
And my thoughts are lost in their tune,  
And my heart follows yearning after and craves  
No other delight nor boon.

They enfold the earth in desire  
With a closer and closer kiss ;  
From life into life they expire,  
In dying their birth and their bliss.  
And I hearken, and dream once more  
That my heart could be lost even so  
In a love deep-set to an unknown shore,  
And in peace for ever flow.

Yet well I know that the way  
Of our love is not as yours,  
O Waves ! For our hearts would obey,  
But our strength but an hour endures.  
And longing still to be true,  
Love fails us, and we cease  
From rapture in languor cold ; but you  
Have matched with passion, peace.

Peace is no tame dove  
To be caught and caged in the breast,  
No, nor mighty Love  
By joy in an hour possest.  
Peace is wide and wild,  
And Love without master as the sea ;  
He is soft in his ways as a little child,  
Yet is mightier far than we !

Once, ah, once I dreamed  
To love with my strength and my pride.  
Light and joyful and sweet it seemed ;  
But he my vows denied.  
My thoughts were all changed into fears  
At the charm of his magic song ;  
He made me pale and a shedder of tears  
When most I had need to be strong.

LAURENCE BINYON.

## LETTERS FROM THE NORTH

BY CHARLES W. WOOD, F.R.G.S.,  
AUTHOR OF "IN THE VALLEY OF THE RHONE," ETC., ETC.

THE next morning I awoke with a flood of brilliant light in the room—not sunshine, but the effect of sunshine—and on throwing wide the windows (they were French, opening to the ground), the view seemed more wonderful and impressive than ever. Not a cloud in a sky of the clearest blue; the outlines of the hills sharply marked, every detail on the slopes vividly distinct; on the calm blue surface of the water everything marvellously reflected.

I was only half-dressed when L. rushed enthusiastically into the room.

"The most splendid dreams all night," he cried. "Everything we went through yesterday lived over again—even to the multebaer and cream at the Fosli: even to your four careless and dangerous falls coming down the last Hill of Difficulty. And—best of all—I dreamed that we did it all over again to-day."

"That was hardly second-sight," I replied. "For once your faculty failed you. Yesterday was a day of hard work. To-day, Sunday, must emphatically be a day of rest—and rest well earned."

"I don't know as to my faculty failing," said L. "If dreams go by contraries, of course I dreamed the right thing. All the same, I shouldn't in the least object to repeating the expedition. On the other hand, it will be very pleasant to spend a quiet day here, and watch all the country people turn out in their costumes. How still it all is!"

We were standing on the balcony, simply lost in wonder at the view. There was indeed a strange stillness in the air, which seemed the very essence of repose. Nothing stirred; no living creature was visible, excepting the MacDougall of MacDougall upon the little pier, who, with hands in pockets, was gazing mournfully into the water, evidently thinking of the ill-luck that had attended him all the season; yet as evidently longing for Monday morning, that he might begin again. The village to our left looked asleep; there also not a sound was audible.

"Wonderful, wonderful!" cried L. "I suppose this may really be called a *Sabbath stillness*. I have always looked upon the idea as a sort of fancy, but here it is a tangible fact. Nevertheless, as we can't exist upon it, and I am ravenously hungry, let us go down to breakfast. I have an idea that the Graces are matutinal, and will have gone down before us; and the early bird, you know, picks up the worm—though I have heard it contended it is only the early worm that is sacrificed."

So down we went, and as we entered the dining-room there, sure enough, were the Graces, seated all in a row, opposite our own places: a refreshing, home-like sight. Three English ladies, dressed in the pink of quiet neatness and perfection, who did not think it necessary when abroad to represent their country on the 5th November.

"Second sight again," murmured L. "I saw all this mentally five minutes ago."

The first words we heard on entering were: "*Actually saltspoons!* We have evidently returned to civilisation."

Then looking up and seeing us approach, the Graces bowed and looked surprised.

"We never expected to see you here," they said; "making sure you had gone off at Eide. Every one seems to go off at Eide, or if not Eide, then Odde—troublesome names, so much alike; we always confuse them, until we remember that E comes before O, and consequently Eide comes before Odde."

"Artificial aids to memory," said L. "I believe it now takes rank as a science."

"A *Polytechnic science*," said the Graces. "It has its literature too. Have we not heard of *Stokes upon Memory*?"

"A standard work," laughed L., "like *Piddington upon Storms*."

"Never heard of *Piddington*," said the Graces. "Does he refer to domestic storms?"

"Oh no," laughed L.; "his storms are atmospherical; the tempests of winds and waves, not those of the tea-cup."

The Graces spoke separately, not all three at once, but as it would be embarrassing to distinguish them as 1, 2, and 3, or good, better, best, I state their remarks collectively. Now one spoke, now another—I need not specially indicate the speaker. One thing is certain, there was always the most perfect accord and unison between them; and though each seemed to think for herself, they never appeared to disagree in opinions. L. proposed we should call them the Harmonies; but this suggested matter rather than mind, sense rather than spirit, and we kept to the Graces. In the Harmonies there seemed nothing to grasp; the Graces at least were tangible.

"We both thought we had seen the last of you at Norheimsund," I observed, "until yesterday afternoon L. saw you arriving in a vision."

"That is singular," replied the Graces, "for as your steamer receded, leaving us on the balcony, one of us suddenly remarked, 'Before forty-eight hours are over we shall meet again.' All the same, we did think you had landed at Eide, and are surprised to find you here."

"Did you like Norheimsund?" asked L.

"It is a little paradise," returned the Graces; "and the hotel people were charming, and made us very comfortable. Then from the windows we had a view of three glaciers—it was glorious. If we had had time we should have explored the lovely Steinsdal, but that must be left for some other year. We hold that the rocky coast of

Norway is magnetic, or hypnotic, and so influences those who once find themselves within its circle that they are bound to return whether they will or not. We have come here to see the Vöringfos—you probably for fishing, though it is rather late in the day for that."

"No, we also came to see the Vöringfos," said L., "and made our excursion yesterday. You have a treat before you, but at the expense of hard work."

"Had you a successful day?" asked the Graces. "And did the waterfall come up to your expectations?"

"A perfect red-letter day," cried L. with enthusiasm. "In fact half-a-dozen red-letter days rolled into one—one of the jolliest days of my life: perfect scenery, perfect weather, and," laughing, "we didn't fall out by the way. As to the Vöringfos, it is very fine, but of course has not its full volume of water. If you have a fine day to-morrow—I suppose you will go to-morrow—I shall quite envy you. But remember that everything depends on the day."

"You almost make us wish that we had come here on Friday night, and taken our excursion yesterday: such perfect weather may not occur again."

"We should have made a charming party," said L. with becoming modesty. "It would have been delightful."

The Graces now left the table, and L. for a time gave his undivided attention to the abundance of good cheer before him. "Not only in justice to myself, but out of consideration to the hotel," he remarked. "It is a bad compliment to your host if you don't thoroughly appreciate the good things provided. Just as at a dinner party it seems to me downright rudeness to pass all the dishes. Don't you agree with me? Well," he continued, "I suppose this is to be a quiet day: no carrioling, no fishing, no long excursion. The Graces are going up to the village and the church; we must follow in their footsteps—though I fear mine will quite obliterate theirs," he laughed, his own being in proportion to six-feet-two.

When L. had thoroughly satisfied his conscience as to his commissariat duties and not until then, we went out to make acquaintance with the village and its inhabitants. Already people were beginning to arrive for service; small parties in boats, that shot swiftly and silently over the smooth surface of the water; men and women dressed in their Sunday's best, and looking very picturesque; the women with their large white caps faultlessly got up. You and I, care amice, have had a great variety of experiences in many lands, but Norway is different from them all, just as its scenery differs from anything to be found elsewhere.

If in appearance and character the Norwegian women are allied to any other nation, it is to the Breton. There is, very often, the same lethargic appearance, the same straightforward bluntness, the same honesty of purpose and stolidity of character, the same religious cast of mind, though the one follows the gorgeous ritual of the Roman

Church, the other the severe simplicity of Luther. Both countries are behind the time; the intellectual faculties of each are limited. Both are very much under the same influence—that of water, whether it be wide fjord or wider sea; and I am afraid I must add that a large proportion of the women of both countries are too often alike in plainness of feature and clumsiness of form.

These comparisons do not apply to the men, for the Norwegians are physically in advance of the Bretons, and mentally also. The Norwegian men are far better looking than the Norwegian women; but crossing the border into Sweden the rule is reversed. There the balance of good looks is on the spindle side. Again, a little farther



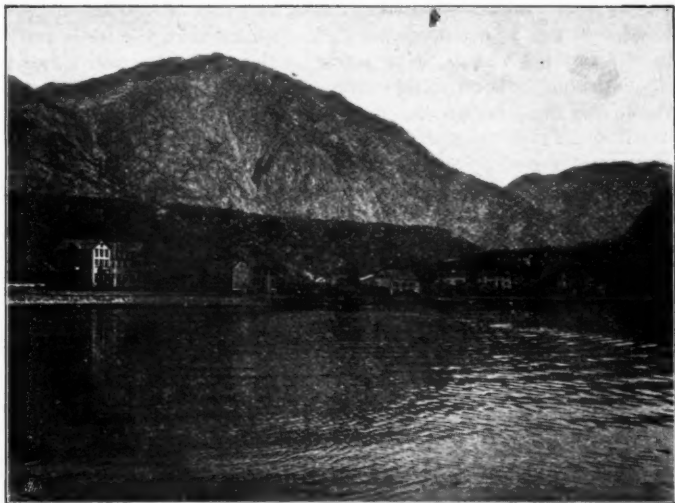
APPROACHING VIK

afield, on coming to Denmark, you find an excellent type on both sides of the house.

We went up into the village. Everything in the shape of work was suspended. Many of the houses were closed whilst the inmates went to church, and the faithful dog kept guard at the front door. Not that they had to fear burglars: the village is Utopia in that respect, with an unbroken record for honesty. Any one feeling himself attacked by kleptomania must either revert to a sane state of mind, or wander away into the world and find other scenes for the cultivation of his talent.

The village was very quiet, very full of repose; but outside one of the houses, in the middle of the road, we were surprised to find a

man undergoing the process of shaving and haircutting. The latter primitive operation was performed by a woman, and consisted in snipping all round close to the head until there was nothing left for the scissors to work upon. The result resembled very much a series of rugged undulations, or the furrows of a ploughed field. Not far off we looked in at an open door, and in the passage saw a couple of old spinning-wheels that might have owned centuries of existence. They were put aside for the day. In an inner room an old man, who looked at least ninety, sat at a table crooning hymns out of an old black-letter book; and an old black-letter Bible—or so it appeared—was also open before him. His countenance was seamed and wrinkled



VIK: VÖRINGFOS HOTEL IN FOREGROUND

with age; the long white hair fell on each side his face; his back was bent. It was a pathetic object. His senses were on the wane, for he neither saw nor heard me as I stood for a few moments contemplating this image of death-in-life. Before long the silver cord must inevitably be loosed.

"A sad object," said L., who had been contemplating the old man through the old-fashioned window with its leaded panes. "I hope that I shall never live to be that age and that spectacle. He might be anything between ninety and a hundred—nearer the latter, I should say."

Of course to twenty-one, strong, vigorous, with a fine appetite and a splendid digestion, ninety years of age and decrepitude is the *ultima thule* of all that life has to offer of the terrible and the overwhelming. *C'est tout naturel.*



We left the old man crooning and quavering his hymns, and went up to the church. The bell was quietly ringing, and the people were assembling.

A small stone church, dating back to the twelfth century, with lancet windows and portals of that period. The interior was plain and simple, and behind the altar we found an old tombstone representing Ragnasad, founder of the church, offering St. Peter a model of the building. Beneath it was a long Runic inscription.

Men and women came up in small groups and went in, the women walking with slow and solemn step as though assisting at a funeral. They all sat on the left, the men on the right: and the women looked very effective with their white caps massed together. Some, however, wore nothing upon their heads, and their fair hair, faultlessly braided, was more becoming though less quaint than the white *coiffure* with its starched wings. Not a few of the men sauntered about the walks and porch until the last moment—just as they do in our English villages. Human nature is largely made up of instincts, and the instincts seem ever the same.

One man came up to us whilst we stood looking on and commenced a conversation in broken English, informing us that he had been a great traveller, pretty well over the world, and was especially attached to America. He seemed disappointed when we declared that we preferred our own nationality, and did his best to convert us: whilst all the time the bell was sending forth its summons. He was a thin, spare man, still strong and upright, though he might have been anything between sixty and seventy. As the Graces came up, and also looked on for a moment, he took off his broad hat to them very politely and asked them if they were American. Again he was doomed to disappointment, for they, too, confessed with humble pride to being English. This, he thought, merited some kind of punishment; he must depress them in some way.

"You all come to see Vöringfos," he said. "You great disappointment. Long way; very hard road; no water in Vöringfos. Too late in year, no rain in summer."

Upon which we informed him that we had been very much delighted with yesterday's excursion. This provoked him.

"Ladies go to-morrow, then," he said. "Rain to-morrow. Ladies catch bad colds."

"Evidently a Job's comforter," laughed the Graces; "and all because we cannot oblige him by calling ourselves Americans!"

The congregation grouped about all seemed to look up to this funny old man, for all saluted him as they came up. He was evidently a sort of "elder" of the church, or churchwarden, if they have such an office in these far-away country parishes, for when the minister came up in his black gown and stiff white ruff, looking for all the world like a Puritan out of an old picture, our conversational interviewer followed immediately behind him, and, as we saw before the door closed,

took his seat very close to him under the pulpit. He was a good-looking old man, with a well-carved face and pleasant expression in spite of his Job's comforter tendencies. America for some reason had wound itself about his heart; and before he left us he had to confess that he had never been in England. His voyage about the world had consisted of a journey to America, a sojourn there, and a return to Norway. It was his one experience of a foreign country, and the contrast with his own had no doubt dazzled him. He had seen there magnificence, possibilities, luxuries, and privileges undreamed of in Norway; and so America had become his *beau idéal* of happiness in life.

Certainly Vik could offer him no sort of comparison with it; and we hardly wondered to hear him say that but for a longing that his bones should rest in his fatherland, he would never have left the land of corn and wine that lay beyond the ocean. If we might judge by many of the tombstones in the little churchyard, combined with his own upright figure, he had returned in good time to deposit his old bones in his mother earth. Ninety was no uncommon record, and there were one or two centenarians.

"After all, Vik must be a healthy place," I remarked to L. "Seventy is quite a juvenile age amongst them."

"I don't know," said L. "It is more the life they lead—fresh air and spare food, and a nervous system never taxed. Other countries—such as England, for instance—dig their graves with their teeth. They are always eating, and the more solid the food the more they like it. You may have too much of the roast beef of old England."

Suggesting that he had done full justice to the Norwegian larders, even proposing two sheep for dinner, he laughed.

"Norway is not England," he replied, "and travellers are an exception to the rule. I wish, indeed, we could get a little of the roast beef of old England over here—the Norwegian animal, alive or dead, is a very poor substitute for its English relative. England has her compensations, though she cannot boast these magnificent fjords and fjelds, glaciers and waterfalls."

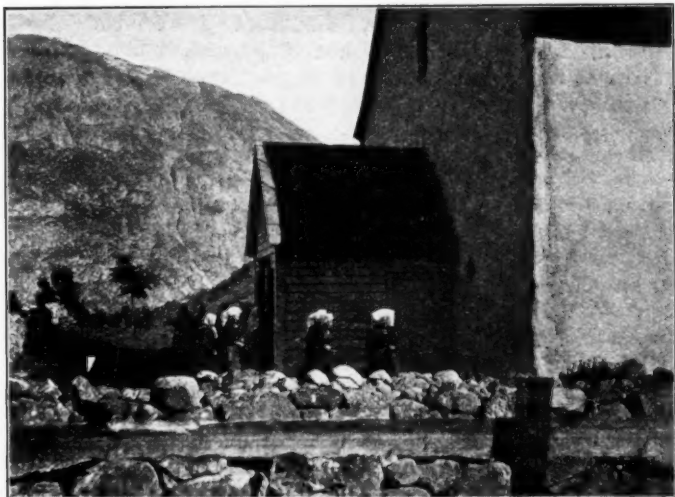
We were standing about a hundred yards from the church, a small group consisting of ourselves and the Graces. The bell had ceased some time, and occasionally we heard the voice of the minister issuing through the little south porch which had stood the test of seven hundred years; and now and then the voices of the congregation rudely blending in some of the most primitive hymn-singing we had ever heard; all rising devotionally and impressively on the still air.

Behind us rose the great mountains, the everlasting hills, that had seen twice seven hundred years roll by without change, and would see twice seven hundred more, when everything we now looked upon of man's ingenuity would have disappeared. The village houses were dotted about the plains, and last of all came what we imagined to be the vicarage from its well-kept and superior appearance: the windows adorned with lace curtains, the freshness and neatness of everything,

a glimpse of well-filled book-shelves, and a noble dog lying at full length upon the steps, who blinked his eyes at us and wagged his tail, but took no further notice, recognising us for honest folk. The scene was one of absolute calm and repose, making itself intensely felt.

"Even here in summer they have an English service at the hotel," said the Graces, "but now it is all over. Somehow the simple piety and religious devotion of these primitive Norwegians seems to rebuke one for spending Sunday without any sort of service of our own."

"You must find your sermon in stones and the running brooks to-day," returned L. "For my part, I think that a Sunday spent amidst these glorious scenes does one as much good as going to

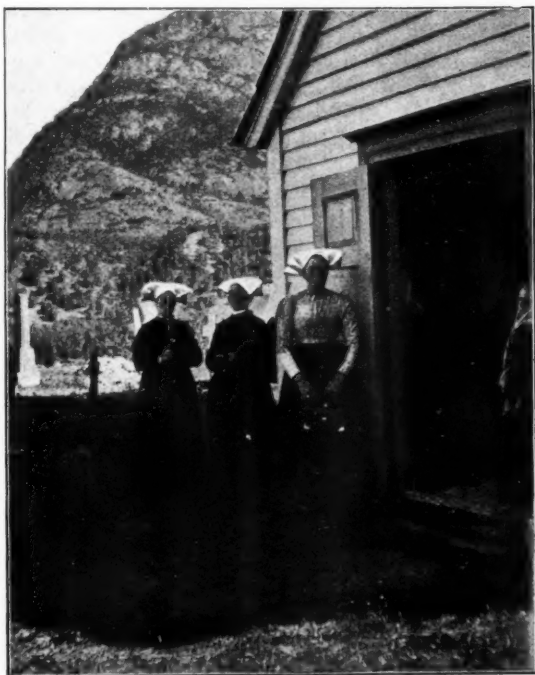


SUNDAY AT VIK

church, where you are sure to have half-a-dozen things to fret and worry you. Bad music, perhaps; people about you repeating the responses too loudly; a woman behind you screaming the chants and hymns at the top of her shrill voice, half a bar behind the choir and half a tone too low; so that you leave the church not with 'a mind serenely devout,' as George Herbert has it—is it Herbert?—but feeling much more like the frightful porcupine, as Mrs. Malaprop would say—yes, there is no doubt about *that* being Mrs. Malaprop. One of the most distracting things in church is the constant bobbing about of the hideous ladies' headgear—I beg your pardon," with a light cough and confusion—"ladies' hideous headgear. The adjective was wrongly placed—no lady could possibly be hideous."

The Graces laughed. "We do not say as much," they returned. "Many a woman not hideous by nature makes herself so by art. We mean the milliner's art," they laughed, "not the art of Madame Rachel. Our experience of church is really very like yours," they added; "and we often come out feeling there has been no *repose of soul; no true shutting of the door.*"

"And all through distracting elements, every one of which need



SUNDAY AT VIK

not have been present," said L. almost savagely. "Why is the greater part of mankind so terribly irritating?"

"We shall never reach perfection in this world," sighed the Graces.

"I always go back in thought to a certain church of my boyhood," I remarked, "where absolute perfection of rest and repose did reign. In that church, large and beautiful as a small cathedral, there grew a vine-tree over one of the east windows. It was spring-time and warm weather, and the doors were wide open during service-time; there was always sunshine, and the leaves of the trees outside the church glinted and rustled through the long summer days. Birds flew in and

out, and perched and chirped upon the vine, and no one heeded them. The singing was without fault, soft and subdued, and the voice of the preacher was also music. From the church-porch one gazed down into the valley with its magnificent and romantic river: a river that flows through some of the loveliest scenes of England. Then on week-days I used to steal into the quiet empty church, and, seated at the old organ, would let the hands wander as they would over the keys, and the harmony swept and rolled through the Gothic aisles and arches, and the birds came in to listen, but I had no other audience except the organ-blower. The old vine may still be there, throwing its shadows upon the inner pavement as the sun climbs upwards, but it seems to me that such perfect services as those, such sunshine and repose, exist no longer. It was an experience of six weeks only. That episode passed into my life and passed out of it as the brilliant flash of a meteor."

"And now you look back upon it as a dream of paradise," said the Graces. "It came to you in the golden age, when life is awakening and impressions are most vivid and most lasting."

"When *are* they most vivid and lasting?" asked L. "As far as I can judge from my mature experience, it seems to me that impressions are most vivid from eight to fifteen, but that at fifteen true character begins to form itself."

"That is from the spear side of the house," laughed the Graces; "from the spindle side character is a good deal formed when fifteen has struck on the glass of time."

"Mixed metaphor," laughed L. "The glass of time is not struck—it runs in golden sands. You must change your glass to a clock—then I think it may pass."

In the distance we saw a solitary figure walking down the long white road. There was no mistaking the MacDougall of MacDougall. Even from here one seemed to note his pale, clean-shaven face, his coal-black eyes that scarcely ever changed their expression or gleamed with sympathy. He reflected very much the nature of the fish he had *not* caught this year at Vik. But we also saw from this distance that his form was tall and upright, and he walked as though duly conscious that he was the MacDougall of MacDougall: such as our grandmothers would have called "a fine figure of a man."

"The MacDougall of MacDougall," said the Graces. "He was at breakfast when we entered the dining-room this morning, looked up and glared, then looked down again. I think he could not have been aware of our arrival last night, and multiplying three into thirty feared a Cook's inundation and a famine. We have heard that the two are inseparable—like the twin genii of Pleasure and Pain."

"I am sure he can have no objection to you personally," laughed L.; "but he is a bit of a misanthrope. He has been brought up as the MacDougall of MacDougall, laird of a Scotch island, where he reigns as king. It has developed a selfish side to his character;

very odious, no doubt, but natural under the circumstances. His *bête noire* is *tourists*, because he has an idea that they are always accompanied by sunshine: a very false idea, I fear the tourists would call it; and of course as a fisherman too much sunshine is as bad as too much plum-pudding: his desire is for grey skies. A fisherman's morning is very much like the hunter's—a southerly wind and a cloudy sky—but not too much wind."

The MacDougall had paused in his walk and was looking mournfully at the river, bright and sparkling and gleaming in the sunshine, as though it would mock him. Then suddenly looking round and seeing us gazing in his direction, he raised his hat.

"After all, he is not as bad as he seems," laughed the Graces. "That was a distinct social advance."

"The devil is not as black as he's painted," quoth L. "Perhaps the MacDougall only wants converting. I am sure you would do it."

"If we only had time," laughed the Graces; "but all to-morrow we shall be at the Vöringfos, and the next day we may possibly leave again."

We returned to the church just in time to hear a final hymn and the minister pronounce a blessing, and then the little congregation streamed out. They had quite filled the church, and amongst the men we had noticed our cadaverous guide to the Vöringfos. To-day, in his Sunday's best, he looked if anything leaner than ever, and the condescending recognition he gave us seemed to intimate that whilst yesterday we were master and servant, to-day we met on equal ground.

Almost the last to leave the church was the minister, followed by his satellite, our friend with the Yankee preferences. The former, with his black gown and starched ruffle, went down the road, his fine face holy and devout with a calmness and serenity only possible to those who live far out of the world. The satellite gave us a bow as he went by and a slight shake of the head, which evidently suggested pity for our differences of opinion. He too passed down the road; the congregation straggled and scattered about the little village, those who had come by boat having a whole week's history to post up; a little of the stillness and repose had disappeared.

We made our way back to the hotel, where the Graces had gone before us. Here we found the small party staying at the inn gradually assembling in anticipation of dinner, always early in Norway. The Graces were seated in the upper balcony, a large square place open to the sky.

"The MacDougall has returned to his shell," they said, as we went up to them. "After that distant bow we quite looked upon him as a *preux chevalier* ready to do battle in our cause; and behold, on arriving he looked up, saw us, and cut us dead. Now how would you describe such a perplexing character?" turning to L.

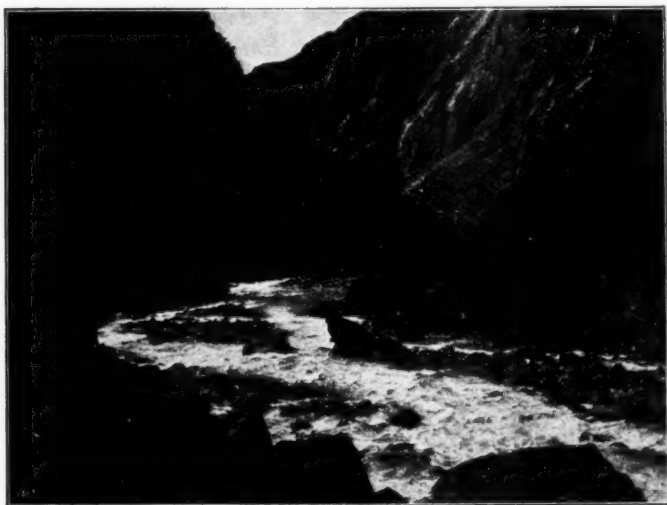
"With the greatest ease in the world," said L. "The MacDougall is evidently hopelessly shy. Distance gave him the courage to bow; a near approach and he shuts up like the flowers at night—a poetical

comparison, and not at all applicable to that tall, dark, and gloomy individual," he laughed. "As I have said, the MacDougall has been born, reared, and lived most of his life in that far-away island of his, and probably has not come into contact very much with the fairer half of creation."

"Poor man!" said the Graces. "There may be possibilities in that undeveloped nature—a rough diamond that only needs polishing and cutting."

"Meanwhile he cuts others," said L.; for which he would no doubt have suffered severe punishment had not the dinner-bell rung at the moment and dismissed the subject.

"Just in time to save my life," said L., as we took our accustomed



ON THE WAY TO THE VÖRINGFOS

seats opposite the Graces. "I am simply exhausted with hunger, and feel like a whole colony of Cook's famished tourists rolled into one."

"How about the roast-beef of Old England, that you lately rather despised?" asked the Graces.

"That's too cruel!" cried L., "suggesting contrasts unfavourable to our present quarters. For a dozen underdone slices out of a good Scotch sirloin, I would just now give their weight in gold. I fear we are not destined to anything half so good."

He was right, as the event proved. Dinner was not up to the mark, but in these out-of-the-world spots it may not be always possible to replenish the larder satisfactorily. At Vik, as a rule, one fares well; but very many of the hotels in Norway, whilst increasing their tariff,



cater far less well than of old for their guests. A notable case in point is Fleischer's Hotel at Vossevangen, which we thought had gone down in every way, and had grown rackety. Siemens' Hotel, just beyond, is far quieter, yet very little patronised; every one flies to Fleischer's. So much for past reputation.

We had, unfortunately, arranged to leave Vik that same Sunday evening, and our settled plans admitted of no change. It was absolutely essential to reach Bergen on Monday evening.



PARTIAL VIEW OF THE VÖRINGFOS

"It is a pity," the Graces were kind enough to say. "Had you remained over to-morrow, you might have made a second journey to the Vöringfos, and we should have had the advantage of your company and protection. As it is, we may have to play the part of damsels in distress. Are there lions and tigers in the way? One hears of people coming to Norway to shoot big game."

"That is only in winter," laughed L., "and then they are chiefly bears."

"But a hug from a bear would not be agreeable," shuddered the Graces.

"There are only human bears on the way to Vöringfos," said L.,

"and they are harmless. But all the way you will have what Bunyan calls the Hill of Difficulty to contend with. Could you not press the MacDougall of MacDougall into your service?"

"Another bear!" murmured the Graces. "Let us rather trust to our own resources: our own weak arms but valiant hearts. We are not easily frightened. And there are three of us to combine forces. An army corps should never be split up into detachments. Concentration of forces is the policy of all wise generals."

"I wish our host had followed out that maxim in his menu," said L. "He would have vanquished the enemy at all points and turned them into friends."

"It is something like the dinner on board the boat," returned the Graces; "we have to be thankful for small mercies. Do you remember those funny people who sat opposite to us? They were not husband and wife, or mother and son, or brother and sister; and they were not lovers. Yet they were evidently travelling together. And whenever the man made an indiscreet remark, the woman said *Hush!* Americans, undoubtedly, by their accent. Then we landed at Norheimsund and lost them. Where did they land?"

"No doubt at Eide," said L. "We never saw them again after dinner, and as most people went off at Eide, they must have been amongst the crowd. On changing into the Vik boat, we were the only passengers."

"Like ourselves," said the Graces; "and we felt quite important. It was like travelling by special steamer, or on board one's own yacht. But we were glad to reach Vik; it was late and dark. And what a capital man the portier is! So quiet and gentle, and took no end of trouble to please us. At first we half thought he was the landlord."

"So did we," said L., "and were quite sorry to find he was only the humble representative. I think he is the best portier in Norway; and in the right place; hardly enough go in him for such rackety places as Holdt's in Bergen, or Fleischer's at Vossevangen."

"We stayed at Fleischer's last year," said the Graces, "and very much disliked it. This year if we go to Vossevangen, we mean to try Siemens'. It may be no better, but at least it will be quieter."

Dinner was a matter of history by this time, and we had gone down to the little pier to watch all the glorious effects of the afternoon sun, which here soon sinks behind the western hills. There was still the same Sabbath stillness in the air, the same repose on land. The Norwegians who had arrived in the morning to church were now returning. We watched them put off in their boats, and shoot out rapidly, hardly disturbing the calm surface of the water. The women looked very picturesque and distinctive in their white caps. Both men and women rowed lustily in fine form, feathering their oars, gliding just above the surface, and keeping perfect time. All was done silently and without effort. They went their separate ways and disappeared, and we saw them no more. When another Sunday came

round they would again turn up at Vik to swell the little congregation and listen to the minister's warnings against indulging in the pomps and vanities of this wicked world. Dear, simple-hearted people! with few chances of cultivating the pomps and vanities of life; few ambitions beyond the sowing and reaping of crops and living from day to day. Lesser lights are they in the human firmament, but many, in singleness of heart, shine steadily and faithfully.

Our time for leaving drew near. Everything was packed up in readiness and confided to the care of the inimitable portier. The Macdougall of Macdougall had gone off for a long solitary walk to Saebö Farm; the other fishermen were in animated controversy in the smoking-room as to which fly was the most successful in these waters. One declared it depended upon the sun, another said the wind had everything to do with it; a third asserted that it was neither wind nor sun, but the particular mood of the fish at the time. Each arguer advanced perfectly convincing proofs that he was right and the others were wrong; and at last L. exclaimed:

"Why, you are all as uncertain as the law and as varying as the wind. It seems to be a case of the chameleon—all are right and all are wrong."

They paused a moment to digest this view of the matter, looked puzzled and solemn, and then began all over again.

We went down to the pier. The boat was in sight but far off. We were bound for Odde, which we should reach about eight or nine o'clock, and leave the next morning for Bergen. In these out-of-the-world spots, if you lose your "communication," all your plans may be disturbed for days to come.

The throb of the distant steamer was quite audible in the profound stillness of the air. Every moment it was advancing with fell purpose.

"We feel like Elsa waiting for the swan to take away Lohengrin," said the Graces.

"But I hope the end will not be so tragic," said L., laughing. "And I hope I am Lohengrin. This country would just do for him, with all its splendours and all its simplicity."

"Where is the scene laid?" asked the Graces. "Oh, Brabant, of course; Elsa of Brabant. Well, Wagner would have done better to lay it in Norway. It would have been more romantic."

"The swan approaches," cried L., "but it is a very black, ungainly swan. When shall we—five—meet again?"

"When, indeed!" sighed the Graces. "From to-day our paths widely diverge. We shall really only meet on our last day in Bergen. What notes we shall have to exchange!"

"Above all things, I wish you a fine day for the Vöringsfos," said L. "If it is cloudy I shall be quite wretched. And don't forget to go up to the Fosli, and eat multebaer-and-cream *à discretion*, as they say in the Paris restaurants, combined with coffee and hot rolls. I do wish we were going to do it all over again with you!"

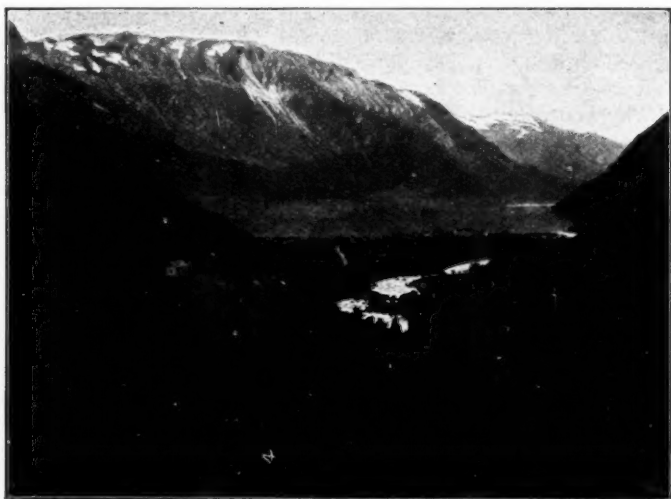
The black swan glided up to the pier; Lohengrin and his satellite

embarked. The attentive portier put everything on board, and we sailed away, truly sorry to leave Vik. Our two days had been two of the pleasantest we had ever spent in Norway; the peculiar charm and beauty and repose of Vik had thrown a mesmeric spell over us, and we know few places in Norway that we would sooner revisit.

As the boat gradually made way, Vik faded away like a dream-picture. The Graces stood upon the pier watching us out of sight, and their forms grew faint and shadowy and ethereal.

"Perhaps they are angels in disguise, after all," said L. "From here they look so—what shall I call it?—incorporeal, diaphanous, insubstantial——"

"As the baseless fabric of a vision," I put in. "No, my dear L.



ODDE

The Graces, I am convinced, are destined to be angels some day, but at present they are what they seem—simply charming mortals, with no pretensions to wings."

Then the village and the church grew faint and misty, until presently everything was blotted out but the outlines of the hills standing out clear and vivid against the blue, serene afternoon sky.

We made way and passed out of the Eidfjord into the Sörfjord, which is considered the finest part of the Hardanger; but where all is so beautiful it seems almost invidious to give the preference to any particular spot. Again we called at Eide, and changed steamers; again were met by the little crowd; that ever-constant stream of tourists, embodiment of perpetual motion.

"Odious word, that word tourist! And is it not, like the genus, of comparatively recent origin?" remarked L. one day. "Would it, for instance, be found in the earliest edition of Johnson's Dictionary? But after all, the odiousness of the word is merely a matter of association. If you were brought up with the names Jeroboam and Judith, you would think them beautiful."

The beginning of the Sörfjord was a succession of farms upon the hill slopes, every inch of ground cultivated as far up as the climate permitted: a warm and sheltered climate, especially fruitful. Every farm had its house, and barns and extensive outbuildings; and everything, this evening, in the glow of sunset and the gloaming which followed, looked wonderfully calm and reposeful.



SUNDAL: FOLGEFOND GLACIER IN BACKGROUND

Beyond the hills there were views of the interminable Folgefond glacier and of the Agenut, regions so vast that it seems as though one might wander about them for ever, with a feeling of being lost in space.

At Ullensvang a good deal of bogland is mixed with the fertility, where, on damp nights, the Will-o'-the-Wisp comes out and plays fantastic tricks with his lantern, and the people, so full of imaginative love with all their simplicity, put him down as a beneficent fairy hastening their crops and guarding their country. Here, too, there is an early Gothic church with a fine portal, and above the window in the chancel is represented a bishop, laughing one side his face and crying the other. Whether meant to denote that a bishop

can play a hypocrite like other people, or that he should be all things to all men, or whether a mere pictorial illustration of the verse, *Rejoice with those that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep*, I cannot say.

This is a point for excursions and for going into the world—the Norwegian world—over hills and valleys, and across glaciers; experiences infinitely interesting to those whose physical powers are equal to the strain. Of such, alas, I am not one, and the delights of mountain climbing and lengthened walking tours are denied me. Many mountain peaks rise grandly about here, and the blue ice of the glacier may be seen between them, regions of perpetual frost, and ice, and snow.

It was at Børve that we had the best view of the Folgefond glacier, and many would consider this the loveliest spot on the fjord; for here the foliage of the trees is especially rich, and stands out in vivid contrast with the barren mountains. Again at Naa we come into a region of farms; farms rising on the slopes to a height of 1000 feet and more, the glacier rising above them.

Night and darkness fell, and it was past nine o'clock when we made the final turn, and at the far end saw the lights of Odde.

As we approached, it appeared as though the whole place had illuminated in our honour. Every window of Prestegaard's Hotel was lighted up with brilliant effect, and Chinese lanterns of all shapes and shades were hung about the verandahs. In the intense darkness I am bound to say that the effect was very picturesque and striking. "Once a child, always a child," is true of us in some things. Man delights in fireworks and illuminations just as the boy; he only wants them on a larger scale.

Silently as a thief in the night, slowly and cautiously, almost without motion, the boat glided up to the pier. In the blaze of illumination we could see nothing but dark outlines of figures moving about like demons waiting to spring upon their prey. The blackness of night was intensified by these lights and lanterns; it was blinding and bewildering, and we stumbled on to the pier, not knowing or seeing where we were going. There was a fair crowd on board the steamer, and most of them rushed off to Hardanger's, as though their lives depended upon who first reached the hotel.

Nowhere in Norway is the change brought about by the last few years more evident than in Odde. When I was last there it was a small place with only one inn—a very pleasant house, with a large upper dining-room, and a *dépendance* in the garden consisting of a row of ten or twelve rooms or sheds no bigger than a schoolboy's cubicle. Friends were staying there at the same time, friends I have scarcely seen since that day—so in this uncertain world do lives diverge and separate—Miss F., Miss N., B., and others. We were probably as happy a party as Norway contained. It was a golden time.

How well I remember every incident of our excursion to the Buerbræ glacier and the Skjæggedalsfos, every word spoken on the way!

It was a long day's journey. We started in the early morning rowing across a lake; then the long walk before us, a roughish walk, though smooth and facile in comparison with our Vöringfos excursion. We went on hour after hour—B. chattering of a thousand-and-one things, and so shortening the road, until again we had to take boat and row across to the waterfall, loveliest and most graceful of all the Norwegian falls, though not the most voluminous. Never can I forget our delight as a sudden turn brought us in view of the mass of falling water, widening on its course until it resembled a delicate pattern of lace work, ever changing its device upon the dark rock.

Then the walk back—ten hours' walking altogether—and with me the inevitable awful attack of neuralgia, which coffee, made by the good woman who lived on the borders of the lake where we retook the boat, in no way dispelled.

Another feature of that walk I well remember—and Bertie was as enthusiastic as I was—the number of cherry-trees laden with rich, ripe fruit that we passed; the heavily-laden, bending branches that positively asked us to stretch forth our hands and pluck them in their ripeness, and eat the fruit full-flavoured and exquisite with the warmth of the sun, one of the loveliest, sunniest, hottest summers of many years. Oh, it was a golden time, indeed, that summer in Norway, to which my above-mentioned friends contributed not a little of the charm.

Odde was wonderfully pleasant in those days. After the coffee, which did not dissipate neuralgia, we rowed across the lake, then a short and very lovely walk, and we found ourselves back in our interesting quarters. Everything was quiet and in order. There was no rush, no confusion, no crowd, no pressing for places and precedence. Even then, though so few years have elapsed, it was a different world. The great mass of people now in evidence were unknown, undreamed of; their very existence unrealised. Ahime! Few places, I say again, were then pleasanter than Odde; few spots more lovely, more reposeful.

We looked back upon our last sojourn as one looks back on a delightful dream, a dream of Paradise. And what did we find? First of all, on landing, this unseemly rush and crowd; every one for himself; a noisy, elbowing, turbulent element. If they knocked you down, or trod upon your favourite corn, so much the worse for you.

Even in the darkness as we more leisurely made our way, it was easy to see how the place was transformed. Prestegaard's Hotel was altogether new. Hardanger's had been burnt down in 1896, and rebuilt on a colossal scale, not in height, but in breadth and depth. Its capacities seemed elastic, inexhaustible. We were amazed. And yet, such is the increase of *tourists*, that in summer, unless you telegraph your arrival, the chances are that you will have to hold communion with the hills all through the night. It is a sad but certain fact, this æra of travellers, this rage for rushing round the world. Half of them see nothing, and few appreciate and ponder over and remember what they do see.



But if in our walk to the hotel we were surprised, we were still more amazed on entering. It was Sunday night, yet the hall was pandemonium. People had been dancing; a wild discordant music sent forth sounds only fit for the lower regions. There was an air of mild dissipation and abandonment about the place. One huge giant was rolling about in a white yachting cap, and we presently discovered that he was a German "Cook" in charge of a party of "personally conducted" excursionists.

At the *bureau* the lately-arrived passengers were swarming round the unhappy portier, clammering for rooms. The man's life must have been a daily martyrdom. When it was all over, and the crowd had



GODÖSUND

disappeared in o their several passages, we turned to the martyr on our own behalf, and received his quiet attentions. Calm after tempest. The scene was a painful contrast compared with the Sabbath stillness we had left behind us at Vik, and we wished ourselves back in that quiet haven.

All this was so unlike the Odde of my dreams and recollection that it was difficult at first to believe we had not come to some other spot by mistake. But presently, when we went out for a walk, we soon recognised all the old landmarks.

It was a glorious night, and moonlight flooded the landscape. The scenery here is especially grand and beautiful. To walk up the steep winding road and look back upon Odde and the waters of the fjord beyond, is to gaze upon one of the loveliest and most romantic sights

in Norway. To-night all the immediate features were brought out by the vivid light of the moon. The high hills almost closed in as we went onwards. Great boulders lay to the left, and a shallow, noisy stream ran its way to the fjord. Waterfalls here and there rushed down the mountain sides, white and foaming, and gleaming in the silvery moonbeams.

Presently we reached the lake, where years before we had all taken boat on our way to the Skjæggedalsfos. Here, too, the waters were sleeping and shimmering in the moonlight. The boats were there to-night, at their moorings, just as we had seen them years ago, and there, as far as we were concerned, they remained, in spite of L.'s persuasions.

"It would be a splendid night expedition," he said. "Let us make the attempt. I will do all the rowing, you the guiding—you know the way. We should get back just in time for breakfast and the steamer to-morrow morning. Do be persuaded. This glorious night was never meant to be passed in idle slumber."

"My dear L.," I returned, "you don't know what you're proposing. We should never return alive. Our bodies would be found in a week's time at the bottom of some precipice; or we should lose our way, and be discovered a century hence frozen to death in a crevasse of the Buerbræ glacier."

So we wended our way back to the hotel, stopping at every other footstep to admire the infinite grandeur of the scene: all this loneliness and solitude personified. We had the whole road to ourselves. Not one of the rushing crowd had come forth to enjoy the moonlight and the marvellous. These crowds and thousands do not travel for love of Nature. They do not understand her, and there is no affinity between them. "A primrose by the river's brink," &c. In truth we were loth to turn in.

"It is a sin and a shame," said L., but I knew that he would be all the better for it to-morrow. He does not bear a night's vigil as well as I do, though it is a good many years since I was twenty-one.

We went on to the little pier, where the scene had wonderfully changed. The brilliant illumination had long been out; everything was in darkness, and every one was sleeping. The little steamer was lying silent and motionless, ready for an early departure to-morrow morning. The moonlight shimmered upon the dark waters of the fjord, and the mountains looked black and portentous and magnified, their outlines dimly marked against the sky.

"If one could only have such peace by day as well as by night," said L., "travelling about the world would be the most glorious happiness. That terrible *if* always springs up and stands in the way of everything."

When we entered the hotel the transformation scene was equally remarkable. Silence now reigned. Every one had disappeared. A faint glimmering of light guided us to our rooms. The unhappy portier,

who certainly possessed the temper of an angel, had gone to his well-earned repose. We went to ours.

The short night soon passed. L. had declared his intention of getting up early to take photographs. Before going forth, as breakfast was ready, he hastily fortified the inner man.

The large room was already half-full of travellers, and we did not linger long. L. put on seven-leagued boots and tore off to repeat our last night's walk, though I warned him he would lose the boat. He managed to take what he wanted, and returned at the same seven-leagued pace: an imprudent proceeding for which he paid with a chill that he kept for some days. On reaching the pier the boat was already in motion, and we both had to jump for it; another second and all our future calculations would have been out of joint.

"I told you so, my dear L.," said I, when we were safely landed on board—if that is not a bull. There are times when those aggravating words are irresistible.

"What did you tell me?" laughed L. "You said we should lose the boat, and here we are. We never lose anything, and we never make mistakes—you and I. We are infallible."

At which the steamer put on speed, Odde receded into the background, then faded away; and once more our faces were set towards Bergen.

## THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN SPIRITS

WILLIAM was in his most captious mood, Margaret was pensive, I felt decidedly cross, and had I known Mr. Smith better, I should have said that he was peevish. Under these circumstances no wonder the conversation came to grief. We got through our first cups of tea with only a few preliminary bickerings about the weather; Margaret thought it cold, Mr. Smith found it stuffy, I said it was beastly—a regular English day—while William declared it wasn't half bad. Longing to let off steam in an argument, and feeling it trivial to fight about the climate, I was searching my mind for a subject, about which we could differ with dignity, when the door opened, and Chosroes and Kobad came in. If there is a thing in this world that I dislike more than a cat, it is two cats, and when, each time I address them—generally in accents of vituperation—it takes an effort to remember their unholy names, my dislike amounts to hatred.

With the brilliant instinct peculiar to cats, who never know a friend from an enemy, the beasts sprung upon my lap. In his ordinary and better moods—no, his *extraordinary* and better moods—William, on such occasions as these, says politely—

"I know you don't like cats, let me take them."

And I respond, with less truth, but equal civility—

"Oh! I don't mind, don't disturb them."

But now he merely chortled, and I exclaimed angrily—

"I do wish to goodness, Margaret, you wouldn't turn the house into a menagerie!"

"If you don't like animals, dear," began my hostess, in somewhat acid tones, when she was interrupted by Mr. Smith—

"I feel we are going to quarrel; let us talk of something interesting, or some one tell a story; I'm no good at that sort of thing myself, but I like listening."

Margaret said, "I agree with you."

William said, "Ditto."

Chosroes and Kobad were asleep, and the only other person present being a poodle of practical and unimaginative mind, the duty devolved on me.

"I will tell you," I said, "a story of Venice. One cool grey day in April, some years ago, I was going down a side canal in my gondola, when I was struck by the dilapidated appearance of a house which boasted considerable architectural beauty. It was built of creamy marble, with soft frescoes on the walls, and a great carved gateway; but the green shutters were faded and broken, there was a big crack across the heavy oaken door, and the steps were covered with moss and weeds.

"‘That is the House of the Seven Spirits,’ said one of the gondoliers, ‘Seven spirits live there.’ And he crossed himself.

"‘The more the merrier,’ I replied, ‘but why seven?’

"‘I do not know,’ returned the man. ‘Seven is a mystic number; there were seven golden candlesticks in heaven, and seven angels with trumpets.’

"‘There are seven deadly sins,’ remarked the other gondolier irrelevantly.

"‘What *are* the seven deadly sins?’ asked my companion.

"I thought for some time, but though I have a poor opinion of human nature, I could not think of more than five sins that sounded at all deadly, and of these killing a fox was one, and perhaps that will not count with the recording angel.

"‘I cannot tell you,’ was my answer, ‘let us go and ask the ghosts!’

"This put the thing into my head, and I told the men to land me at the moss-grown steps. My friend, who is superstitious, tried to dissuade me, but I persisted; and finding the door unlocked went into the house, after suggesting that she should go for a row and return for me.

"I went all over the place without meeting any of the seven spirits, but its aspect depressed me strangely. Anything more sad and desolate than those large rooms, with their torn and faded furniture and moth-eaten tapestry, I never saw; some of the windows were broken, and little plants were growing inside, upon the decaying window-sills; the floors were damp and mouldy, and in the courtyard I saw a large lizard.

"Ten minutes were quite enough for me to see all I wanted, but as the gondola was not in sight, I was obliged to stay there; and going into one of the lower rooms, I sat down on an old oak settle to wait. Presently I became conscious—I can express it in no other way—of the words—

"‘You are not afraid?’

"I did not actually hear them, I certainly did not say them; they seemed in some inexplicable way to impress themselves on my brain.

"‘You are not afraid?’

"‘No,’ I replied, ‘I am not afraid.’

"‘That is well!’ said a soft but distinct voice, ‘let us talk awhile.’

"Looking fixedly in the direction of the voice, I could see a something slowly taking shape, the shadowy outline of a tall well-built man, with a squareness about the shoulders which suggested epaulettes, and a hazy gleam here and there which might have come from gold lace.

"‘That will be very pleasant,’ I answered politely; ‘will you think me impertinent if I ask your name?’

"‘Not at all,’ the shadow replied. ‘My name is Heinrich von Stenzing, and when I lived in your world, I served beneath the Austrian colours.’

"‘And you were, perhaps, concerned in the occupation of Venice?’

"‘I was,’ sighing deeply. ‘Shall I tell you my story?’

"‘It would interest me greatly,’ I said, and the soft low voice went on.

"‘I came here with my own regiment and several others, and we were hated, as all Austrians were hated at that time, by all true Venetians—all true Venetians, that is, save one—she loved her country much, but she loved me more. There was very little intercourse then between her compatriots and mine, and we met first by accident. I called on her father about a business matter, and when I came downstairs, she was swinging in a hammock slung between two of the marble pillars in the courtyard. It was cool and quiet there, with no sound but the soft plashing of a little fountain; the air was heavy with the scent of orange blossom; through the archway there was a glimpse of blue water, and red-brown sails glowing in the hot sunshine, and in front of the opening, lazily watching the boats move to and fro across the lagoon, lay the girl in her white dress.

"‘Oh! my dear, my soft white angel, how fair and sweet you were, with your chestnut hair and your great grey eyes! She turned them on me as she heard my step, and drew my heart into her own keeping, once and for always.

"‘Though it was against all rules of Italian etiquette, I spoke to her—I could not help it—and she answered with a few gentle words. Two days later I saw her enter a church with her maid, and followed, and after that I spent all my free hours trying to meet her; for she had smiled at me as she came out of the church, with a soft light in her big eyes. Fate was kind, her maid sympathetic, and in time I made her love me. But we dared not tell her parents; what chance had one of the hated oppressors of gaining the favour of a Venetian noble? But we swore to be true to each other, come what might, and we met as often as we could, till one day her father announced that he had arranged a marriage for her with a young Venetian of good birth and considerable wealth. Beatrice entreated him not to press her to marry a man she cared nothing for, but finding her prayers useless, at last declared her love for me and her firm determination to be faithful. Her maid was dismissed, she was kept under the strictest surveillance, and Luigi Pettinello was allowed to urge his suit whenever he chose. Finding himself unable to supplant me in Beatrice’s heart, he insulted me when walking on a footpath beside a small canal. Of course my proper answer would have been a challenge, but the words he used were so outrageous, that I lost my temper and struck him. He fell backwards into the water, hitting his head on the stone coping, and when I succeeded in getting him out, he was dead.”

"‘The Venetians said it was a murder, and shunned me like the pest; but Beatrice contrived to send me a message of love and sympathy through a servant she bribed, and after some months she escaped from home by the help of this servant, and we were married. We bought this house and lived a happy but very solitary life; my wife did not care to mix with my compatriots, and hardly any of her old friends

would come and see us. After a time our happiness was increased by the possession of a little son; but he soon died, our pretty baby, and we laid him in San Michele, with the sea-wind to sing his cradle-song.

"People said the hand of Providence was raised against the murderer, and that misfortune would always follow me. And they were right. Four little children, one after another, we laid beside their brother in the island cemetery, and their spirits seemed to haunt the house. Everywhere I turned I saw the tiny faces, with their big pathetic eyes, and I cried to Heaven in my anguish, 'Is my sin not yet atoned for?'"

"Beatrice was all I had left now, and I clung to her despairingly, trying not to see how week by week she grew whiter and thinner. At last a day came, when she unclasped my hands from round her neck and held them in her own:

"'I am going to the children, dear one,' she said, 'and you will follow soon.'"

"I did my best to follow—I held the pistol straight, and the ball went through my heart, but I have not reached them yet; they stand on the far side of the gulf in the golden light, and I still haunt the shadows, wondering if my penance will ever end. Hope dies hard—' here the voice ceased, and the last words, like the first, were simply impressed upon my brain—'and love lives for ever.'"

"I looked round and rubbed my eyes, but the room was empty, and a little ray of sunlight came in through the broken window. The gondola was outside, and when I told my friend the sad story, all she said was—

"'Fancy going to sleep in a Haunted House!'"

CARA BERKELEY.

### COR CORDIUM

A THOUSAND leagues from me away  
The ocean rocks your dreaming sleep;  
O other heart of mine, my heart  
Follows the trackless way you keep!

I see your ship a phantom sail  
Upon a ghostly silver sea—  
I cannot think it bears so far  
That heart that is the heart of me!

LILY THICKNESSE.



## AT FOUR CROSS-ROADS

THE wide white dusty road ceased at last to curve, and ran straight up the side of a very steep hill. From a distance it looked like a huge white snake, with head and neck erect as though peering at some prey over the brow of the hill. On either side of the road were banks crowned with hawthorn bushes; the hawthorn was in full bloom now, all white.

A man came slowly along the white road; he had a bundle over one shoulder, and a stick in his other hand; he walked wearily, but his heavy footfalls made only a muffled pad, pad, pad in the thick dust, and all the way he went he left a little low-hanging cloud of dust in his wake. When he came to the foot of the hill he paused, and looked at it dubiously.

"And I can mind the time," he said to himself, "when I could race to the top and think nothing of it."

He shifted his bundle to the other shoulder, and started on again with an air of dogged determination. The thing had to be done, and the sooner it was got over the better. Evening was coming on, the air was full of evening sounds, cows lowing to be milked, lambs making a last protest before settling down for the night, the good-night songs and calls of numberless birds. The trees and hedges threw long shadows across the fields and the white road, making deep contrasts with the golden light which bathed the whole land. The shadow of the old man himself stalked along beside him, tall, gaunt, and dark. The top of the hill reached, he paused again and stood looking thoughtfully down at the little village which lay not so very far ahead of him now.

"Ten years," he said, "full ten years and the old place haven't altered a speck. There's the old tree where Mark Endicott hanged hisself, and 'Lias Thomas's house haven't had a new roof to this day. I reckon the folks 'll be changed though; I wonder if they'll know me."

From the top of the hill it looked as though one might step down through a field into the heart of the village, but really one had to turn down a lane to the right and approach it by a winding lane. He knew exactly where to go, and strode on, hardly feeling his weariness now, his heart beating fast with pleasurable excitement. Down the lane he hurried for a few hundred yards, his thoughts busy with the coming meeting with people and places he had come so far to see. Then suddenly he stopped. Something was wrong, either with the road or with his memory. Where he had expected four cross-roads and a direction-post there were but two; one ran straight to a point, the other turned sharply off at the angle. The other two sides of the cross and the sign-post had vanished.

Aaron Penwannick stood and stared, scratched his head and stared again. "Well, if there wasn't four roads here and a directing-post, I'm a Dutchman." A large white gate stood at the sharp angle in the hedge, where the roads branched, and Aaron went and looked over it. Nothing but fields stretched away within, and the hedges around each were gleaming white with may-blossom, except for one patch near the gate. Aaron stepped inside and looked about him; the face of the land was strange to him. "Well, whatever have become of the old farmhouse?" he muttered perplexedly. Nothing but a few barns and linhays met his eye in the direction he was looking. He turned and stared round him slowly. "Two roads and a farm have disappeared, unless I've made a grand mistake and took a wrong turn, and I reckon that ain't likely." He went back to the gate and the dark bush in the hedge caught his eye; he looked at it closely. "Red may," he exclaimed, and broke off a small branch. "Well, I never see'd none of that hereabout before. What changes have taken place, to be sure!"

He shouldered his bundle again and took the downward road, still carrying the bit of red may. He met several men going home from work, but they only looked at him curiously, said "good-night," and passed on. Presently he reached the village and turned into the public-house which stood only a few paces along the street. The landlady met him in the passage and gave him a cordial "good evening." Then her eye lighted on the red may in his hand, and her face changed. "Would 'ee mind putting your bit of blossom outside?" she asked nervously. He looked from her to it and laughed. "Well," he said, "that's the first bit of 'home' I've heard, but 'twas the blackthorn was unlucky in my young days; this ain't blackthorn, missis."

"I know," she said uneasily, "but I'd be powerful glad if you'd throw it out. I can't abide the sight of it, knowing as we do how it come to be that colour." He saw she was really troubled, so he went to the door and threw the branch into the road. A tiny child seeing it fall ran and picked it up, but its mother with a cry took it away from the child and threw it over a hedge. Aaron watched the little scene with a smile. "Well," he said, as he turned away, "I believe you've got more superstitious than the old folks used to be."

"I don't know nothing 'bout that," said the landlady, her mind evidently relieved, "but when you sees things happen and knows the truth of it, I don't call it superstition. And we've all of us seen how Farmer Tom Lang has gone from bad to worse, until his farm's gone, and his money, and pretty nearly everything, and yet nothing won't persuade him to take no steps to set things right, which he might at anyrate try to do."

"Farmer Lang," he exclaimed, "come down in the world! What's the meaning of it?"

But he got only a Cornishwoman's answer. "Do 'ee know un?" she asked in surprise, and becoming at once cautious.

"By name," said Aaron.

"Go in and sit down," she said hospitably. "There's plenty in there can tell you about Tom Lang."

Aaron entering the crowded tap-room found himself an object of intense interest. Ananias Stribley from his post of honour by the fireplace officiated as mouthpiece of the gathering and welcomer.

"Do 'ee know this part?" he asked, the first greetings over—"be 'ee one from hereabouts?"

"Well, I thought I knew it a bit," said Aaron thoughtfully, "until I was close here, but when I come'd to what I thought was a spot they used to call 'Four-Turnings,' I seemed to be out of my bearings."

They looked at him a moment curiously. "Well," said Ananias at last, "you've been away time out of knowledge if you minds 'Four-Turnings' different to what 'tis now. Why it must be seven or eight year ago that Job Penwannick took and killed hisself, and they buried 'un to 'Four Turnings' with a handing-post through 'un. Do 'ee remember that?"

Aaron had leaned forward in his chair, his elbows on his knees, his face turned down as though he had suddenly found his boots of entrancing interest. He put up his hand now and rested his face on it, so concealing it even more. It had become very pale and stern. "No," he said slowly, "I didn't know they buried un—like that."

"Well, they did then; they proved un guilty of soocide, and in those days they couldn't bury un no other way, and quite right too, wasn't it?"

He looked at Aaron, but meeting with no response from him, he looked at the other members of the company, but no one would commit himself to an answer, and Ananias for the space of a minute considered his point carried.

"Ay, but was it proved?" Eli Jose had dropped the same bomb a hundred times before, and a hundred times it had proved an infallible irritant. According to his companions the question had been answered conclusively again and again. But Aaron felt grateful to him now for asking it once more.

"Proved," roared Ananias. "Why, wasn't the old gun, his own father's gun, found 'long with un in the field, and he as dead as a doornail!" But Eli, having started the discussion and so accomplished his end, sucked his pipe in blissful content, and refused to be drawn into a discussion which might jeopardise his one fixed resolve never to admit his belief in Job Penwannick's guilt.

"And didn't his father say that Job was uncommon put out because he wouldn't let un go to sea?"

Aaron sat listening eagerly, but with little apparent concern. "So his father gave evidence?" he remarked carelessly.

"Aw yes, most on it, poor old man, and he was that cut up he couldn't hardly collect hisself—well, it did for un, you know; he was a broken man after it. And, as I was saying, wasn't Farmer Tom on the jury and spokesman, and didn't all agree when he said 'twas a clear case of *felo de se*, as they call it, and he ought to know."

"Did they know what he meant by that?" asked a new-comer and a daring spirit.

"Why of course they knowed. He told un as how Job and the gun was found in the same field and he must have fired it 'pon hisself, 'cause there wasn't no one to fire it for him, and *felo de se* meant all that there, put short and easy, so to speak, and being so they couldn't a buried un nowhere else."

"Then he must have been clicky-handed."

The remark was so unexpected, so defiant, it made every one start. The speaker had grown up amongst them and been brought up on the tale as it was popularly received, since he was ten years old, and had never ventured on a remark before.

"How can 'ee say such things, Silas Rowe, and you but a child when it happened?" There was a consensus of opinion that this upstart must be put down with a firm hand. But Aaron looked up sharply with a wondering expression in his eyes.

"Well, I've thought it all out, and I says that a man couldn't have shot himself as Job Penwannick was shot, unless he was clicky-handed, or got help."

Silence fell on the group for a time. Aaron glanced from face to face half anxiously, half eagerly.

"You shouldn't bring up such things now," said the landlady nervously, unless you 'm prepared to—to prove 'em, or do—anything, 'tis better to let 'em rest."

"Well, I was trying to tell this *gentleman* the story when *you* interrupted," said Ananias severely. "But *perhaps* you'd like to do it *for* me."

"I don't mind if I do," snapped Silas, whose feelings were ruffled. "I can tell it as well as anybody, I reckon. I've heard it times enough." Aaron nodded approval. "Go on," he said impatiently.

"Well, Job was found dead in the field, as they've told 'ee, and the gun was there too, and a few other things, a cow and a calf, and a couple of donkeys, and you might so well say they did it as he did it, and more sense in it too, seeing as 'twas lying ten yards from un with the nozzle pointing towards un, for one of 'em might have touched it by accident with his hoof and sent it off; well, anyhow they couldn't have up the poor beasts, so they brought it in as how he killed hisself because he wanted to go to sea—why, there was nothing to hinder his going to sea but a little onpleasantness with his father. And that old thickhead Tom Lang, he put him up to saying 'twas *felo de se*, and they thought it sounded fine, and would look knowledgeable in the paper, so they said it, and the next thing we knew was he was buried at the Four Turnings, and a brand new handing-post reared over un. And to show they was all wrong, and condemned a innocent man, just look at Tom Lang. Why that's enough to prove it to anybody with any sense. He hasn't never prospered since that day." Nobody could deny this, and Ananias Stribley was too offended to attempt to.

"And the cross-roads and the directing-post, where are they now?" asked Aaron in a low voice.

"Well, that's part of the tale. That same night Tom Lang's bad luck began, the curse or what you like to call it. A fox come'd along and killed every turkey he'd a got, fifty pounds worth, and then his cows began to die, aw, and I can't tell 'ee what didn't happen to un, and Mr. Stribley hisself can't deny it, and then his little girl took sick, and he was like a man mazed, and then he took and said he couldn't bide the thought of poor Job lying in a shameful grave right close to his farm, and before we knew what was happening he'd—took un up and given un Christian burial. No, not he; you see 'twas he that was so set on the *felo de se*, and my belief is he was afraid to move un, but he'd took in the corner, and the two roads, one what led to his home-farm, and the other up to his other farm, and a hedge was reared up and poor Job was enclosed in Farmer Lang's field. Then for a brave bit no one knew to a few yards whereabouts he lay, but the second spring after the hedge was planted we knew right enough, for the blossom in one spot come'd out red as blood, and there isn't another bit anywhere about. It give Farmer Tom such a shock he hasn't never got over it; he give up the farm-house right away, and turned it all into barns, and you never see him go nigh that field by any chance. For, for may to come up red like that is a sure sign 'tis planted over innocent blood.

Aaron looked up at the speaker—"And the father?"

"Aw, he never held up his head again, and he went away just after; said he couldn't abide the place, everything he owned went to rack and ruin. I s'pose he hadn't got no heart to 'tend to things."

"I reckon he hadn't," said Aaron sternly. Then he rose, emptied the glass which had stood untouched beside him all the time, and prepared to leave. "Be 'ee going further?" asked Eli friendlily.

"Yes, a bit," Aaron answered.

"Be 'ee one of these parts?" Eli asked again.

"I'm from the country," he answered evasively, and walked out unrecognised by any one.

He knew that there was another village about a mile further on unless time had worked other changes. But this change it had not worked—the houses, the inn, everything were just as he had last seen them. At the inn he engaged a bedroom and retired to it at once, and for hours impatiently watched the street from his window, wondering when, or if ever, the calm of night would settle down on its inhabitants. His heart was hot with a furious indignation, his blood boiled at the injustice he had just heard of. He had hard work to keep himself from proclaiming the truth then and there, and casting their remarks on the dead man in their teeth.

"He swore to me he'd tell the truth and clear the boy, before he died, if I'd leave it to him, and not stir up talk. He swore 'twas a pure accident, and I don't disbelieve un, but if 'twas, why didn't he

up and tell, but—to let un be buried a shameful burial! Poor Jobey! as good-hearted a son as ever lived,—if I'd a known,—and then to die and never clear un, I s'pose I might have known what the old man was. And now—I can't, I can't blacken my own father and call un the murderer of his own son, and tell how he cleared hisself. I can only do one thing, and that I'll do."

It was near midnight before he appeared, satisfied with the state of things without, and creeping downstairs softly let himself out into the empty street. The moon was high by that time, lighting one side of the street brilliantly, and throwing the other into deep shadow. He crept along so swiftly and stealthily, he looked but a moving shadow himself, and once free of the village, he sped along at an even faster pace, until he reached the white gate again. Entering the field he hurried across it to where the barns stood, gaunt and weird-looking in the cold white light. In one of the places there he knew he should be sure to find what he wanted, and presently after a short search he came out with a pick and shovel across his shoulder. Then he strode back to the red hawthorn bush. He was incredibly swift in all his movements. In another moment he was digging with all his might, only pausing now and again to listen. But nothing broke the silence save the lowing of a cow in the linhay at the bottom of the field, and the rustling of leaves and grasses in the night breeze. The moon shone full on the spot where he was digging, the white blossom-covered hedges gleamed like gigantic snow-drifts, while the patch of red may looked only black and sinister. The scent of it was overpowering.

Right below the red may, almost undermining the hedge itself, he dug a long trench-like pit, working as one possessed. He wasted no time in sounding the ground, or taking bearings; there was no doubt in his mind as to where to go to look for what he sought. When he had dug to more than a couple of feet below the surface he began to use his tools carefully, often stopping to feel in the earth with his fingers. Once when he thrust them deep in the cool damp earth, they touched something hard and smooth, and he sprang up with sudden horror. The next moment he was bending down, frantically brushing away the earth to the sides. Before long a white skeleton lay grim and ghastly in its damp bed, with face staring up at the starry sky.

Aaron sat on the edge of the trench for a moment to recover himself. His face was like chalk, his hands trembling as though he were in the grip of an ague fit. It took him some seconds to recover himself. "No wonder she couldn't abide the sight of the red blossom," he muttered.

At last, with an effort, he pulled himself together, and made himself examine the skeleton. The breast-bone was battered and broken. He clambered out of the grave and walked away into the open field and lay down. He was sick, physically sick and ill, and a horror was on him which he could not overcome. He got up and dragged himself



into the road; the field seemed unendurable to him just then. He would go back presently and continue the task he had set himself, but he must have a moment to recover himself in, and to think of some way by which he could accomplish it. He had wandered a few paces down the road, when he was suddenly startled by the sound of approaching footsteps, no ghostly tread, but the tramp of good, honest, hob-nailed boots. For a moment he was on the point of turning back to the field to lie low until the new-comer was gone, then he took a second thought, and marched boldly on down the road towards him.

The new-comer was, he saw to his relief, Silas Rowe, and Silas, recognising him at the same moment, stopped. "Well," he said with a laugh, "we all got ruther hot to-night over poor Job Penwannick, but I couldn't help trying to stir 'em up a bit." He paused, but as Aaron did not speak, went on, "I'm glad to meet 'ee here, I'm watchman at the mine, and this is the only way I can get to it, and I always feels a bit all-overish coming along here late alone,—though I wouldn't say so to everybody. Did 'ee never hear tell about Job before?" He looked at Aaron curiously, something in his appearance suddenly striking him.

Aaron paused a moment before answering. "I never heard it all till to-night," he said, speaking with an effort. "Job was—my brother—but I never knew he was buried—like that. I've been abroad these many years." Silas gave a long low whistle. "That's rough," he said sympathetically. An awkward silence fell between them, Silas wondering what he could say to express his sympathy, Aaron if he could ask, and have, this man's help.

Silas gave him the lead. "'Twas a scandal that he should have been buried like that. I reckon if you'd been here you would have prevented it."

"He should have had Christian burial," said Aaron fiercely, "and he shall have it now. I—I'm going to give it to un." He paused a moment, then, "Be you one to help me," he said eagerly, "and not talk about it to those old praters down there? Will you lend me a hand, here, now? Have 'ee got a good nerve?"

Silas would not have answered in the negative then for a fortune. "I'm game," he said excitedly.

"Thank 'ee," said Aaron gratefully, and they clasped hands. Then he turned and led the way back into the field. Silas wished he would talk a little, or that it was a fitting occasion to whistle, but when Aaron did speak he only wished he had held his tongue. "I've found un," he said laconically.

"Found un! Who, what?" gasped Silas, taken aback.

"Job—his skeleton, right under the pink may."

Silas stood still where he was. "This'll do," he said; "'bide here while you tell me the rest. What be 'ee going to do now?"

"I wants to make a grave in churchyard and lay un there, and never let nobody be the wiser. I—I know—how he comed by his death—no, 'twasn't me that done it, I was in America at the time,



and 'twasn't he that done it; but I wants to save a scandal and disgracing a old man. I know Job 'd ruther if he could speak. He was a good chap, and a good son. But I can't go on letting un 'bide there, poor Jobey. Will 'ee help me to transport un?" he asked wistfully. "We've got to be pretty slippy."

Silas nodded. He was a plucky fellow and good-hearted, but there was something uncanny about this business which kept him subdued. "I'll help 'ee," he answered readily. "Only—let's keep together."

"Right," said Aaron more cheerfully. "You see 'tis only setting a wrong right; no harm could come to us from it."

"Cross the road and across a field brings 'ee straight on to the churchyard," said Silas, trying to steady his chattering teeth.

"I know," said Aaron; "there's a shovel, I'll take the pick. You wouldn't like to look at un first."

"When us comes back 'll do," said Silas hastily, leading the way to the gate.

Under some fir-trees in the nearest corner of the churchyard the ground was soft, and the pine needles Aaron saw would help them in their concealment. Before three o'clock they had dug a fairly deep pit close in by the low hedge, and were wending their way slowly back to the white gate and the red may-bush again. Silas wished the next part of their gruesome task was well over. He shrank from disturbing the poor skeleton, and dreaded horribly the moment when he would have to touch the gleaming white bones with his hands. "How are we to carry it—them—there?" he asked, in a voice low with awe.

Aaron stopped and looked at him. "Blest if I know," he said, dismayed.

"Here, take my coat." Silas had slipped it off in a second. He was only anxious to get the night's work over. "Nobody won't notice it's gone, I've two or three more."

"I've only the one I've got on," said Aaron, "or I'd—I don't know how to thank 'ee enough," he said, his voice ringing with deep sincerity. Then they hurried to the hole under the hedge. Unconsciously Silas hung back. "You spread the coat, I'll—lift un—into it," said Aaron, noticing the other's dread. Silas never in his life felt more relieved.

Swiftly, but reverently, Aaron raised the bones from their dishonourable resting-place, and laid them in the shroud prepared for them. His face was white as the bones he held, his mouth set, his eyes gleaming with the intensity of his determination to go through with this horrible task from which his soul shrank with a shrinking beside which Silas's nervous repugnance was nothing. His face was clammy with a sweat of horror.

They gathered up the edges of the coat together. "We'll lay un to rest first, and fill this in afterwards," said Aaron, and they strode away together. Very tenderly they laid the poor bones and their shroud in the grave under the pines, the moon peeping in at them between the branches, the breeze whispering gently as though with

bated breath. "I'll just say the 'I believe,'" whispered Aaron shyly. "He never had no word said before, poor fellow." So they stood with bared heads while Aaron slowly repeated the Creed, then quickly filled in the grave, and spread the pine needles carelessly over it.

They returned with lighter hearts, but still with a great awe on them, to the empty grave, and filled that in, spreading the luxuriant foliage which grew all around it carelessly over it to conceal the marks of their night's work. They were not troubled about discovery there, for, as Silas said, no one went near the spot if he could help it, and anything extraordinary about it would be only laid to the charge of the ghost.

That done, they hastened out into the dusty lane again. They were a little embarrassed now, with the shyness of men who have shown deep emotion. "I shall go away again by-and-by," said Aaron brokenly, "I couldn't settle down here now."

"I understand," said Silas sympathetically.

"And I—I don't know how to thank 'ee for what you've done for me; I—is there anything in the world I can do? You know how grateful I'd be to 'ee if you'd tell. Do 'ee want to come abroad? I could get 'ee a good berth."

Silas shook his head. "I'm glad and proud to have helped 'ee, and I'm pleased to have your acquaintance, and I don't want nothin'" — he broke off abruptly.

"Well," said Aaron eagerly, "there's something. Tell me?"

"Unless you'd let me, after you'm dead,—if you dies first,—just tell the truth. I'd rather tell Aaron Stribley the truth of the story than have anything in the world you could give me."

"Right," said Aaron, "and I'll have word sent to 'ee when the time comes."

A few words more and a hand-shake which left them friends for life, and they went their separate ways, one up the lane to work, the other down to his bed, as yet unslept in.

"Dang it all," exclaimed Silas, as he hurried along the lane, "and to think of what a tale I could tell old man Stribley to-morrow night, if my tongue wasn't tied. I am mortal afraid he'll die before I get the chance."

MABEL QUILLER-COUCH.

# OXFORD AND HER COLLEGES

## II. NEW COLLEGE

BY PERCY E. MATHESON

NOT many years ago a Tutor of New College met a grey-haired old man wandering in the front quadrangle, who said to him, "Can you tell me the name of this College?" and on being told, replied, "When I was up here in the forties I do not remember any such College." I should be tempted to disbelieve the story, did I not myself know a Balliol man of some distinction who left Oxford without ever being quite certain where Corpus was. Such at times is the proud exclusiveness of College feeling, or rather the narrow limits of men's outside acquaintance when they happen to belong to a large society.

But this story of New College is characteristic of its fortunes. Splendid foundation as it was in early days, affording a model for other Colleges by its buildings and its statues, for many years before its modern expansion it lived a life unnoticed and almost unknown. The 70 scholars had shrunk to something like 30 or 40; its members took no University examinations; in those days "combined" lectures did not exist; and unless a man chanced to have an acquaintance in New College he might perhaps leave Oxford without entering its doors. Nowadays that can hardly happen: I have indeed known a Fellow of All Souls who had never seen our Cloisters, but even he knew the front quadrangle, and, alas! the all too towering block of Sir Gilbert Scott's buildings makes it impossible for the passer-by to forget (and almost to forgive) New College on the side of Holywell Street. Till 1872 there stood here a line of old-fashioned houses of the type that linger still in the street, with yards or gardens backing on to the City wall, or rather the narrow strip of land on the north side of it, "The Slype," which was, till then, the limit of the College domain. For William of Wykeham, seeking for a site for his College, found it just within the verge of the old walls of the city; the corporation committed the north-eastern postern of the wall to the College, to keep and maintain, and till recent days the City fathers made a progress once a year through a small postern at the west end of the wall along the whole line of it, to see that all was well. And so the city saved this noble fragment of a wall, which elsewhere has almost disappeared by decay or the builder's hand, and New College gained the splendid ornament of its garden.

The wall as it stands has no doubt been often repaired, but something remains of the twelfth-century masonry, and the view from the

gateway of the Robinson Tower, with the long line of Hall and Chapel, and the wall stretching along below and in front of them, guarded at the west by Wykeham's bell-tower like a grey Warden of the Marches, is one of the finest things in Oxford, and perhaps the most historic, for it carries one back to the University and city of five centuries ago. Nowhere else are the civic and academic sides of ancient Oxford seen on so magnificent a scale. The tower is one of many that once stood on the line of the city walls, and it wears a stern and warlike air. Once at least in its history it was turned to brutal uses, when Warden London imprisoned there a Protestant Fellow, who died in durance after desiring to have "the Wardens of Winchester and of New College set in a 'Warden pie' before him," a jest as grim as the im-



WINCHESTER COLLEGE: CHAMBER COURT

prisonment. The view would be perfect if the infelicitous re-roofing of the Chapel by Scott some twenty years ago had not spoilt the rich effect of the clustered pinnacles. On the other hand, if the College has suffered from one modern architect, it has much cause to thank another; and the Robinson Tower of Mr. Champneys, with the lower range of buildings that it links with those of Scott, are a really fine addition to the College and to Oxford.

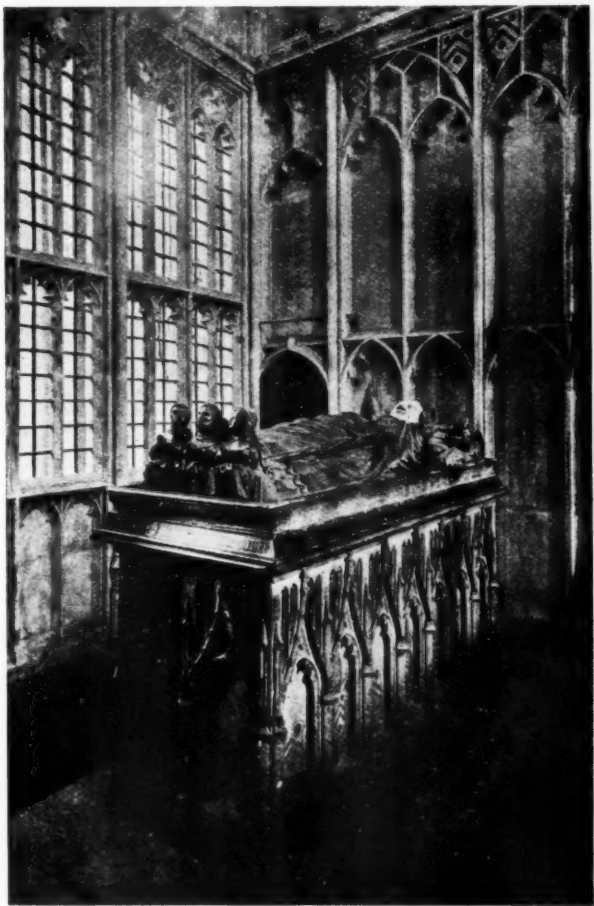
But instead of lingering on the outskirts to the north of Wykeham's College, where the King's army in the Civil War raised its outworks, "The King's Mound" and the rest, against the artillery of the Parliament, let us penetrate to the very heart of the College. When Wyke-

ham built his College of St. Mary of Winchester in Oxford there were six other colleges already founded, but only one, that of Walter de Merton, was as yet installed in a stately building. The "New College," as it came to be called, in contrast with the "Old College" of Merton, its senior by near a hundred years, was the first in Oxford to be built complete in all parts from the first. Walking eastward down New College Lane between the grim stone walls that bound the Cloisters on the one hand and the College brewery and Warden's offices and garden on the other, you come face to face with the old gateway tower, the first of the kind in Oxford, and the type of many since. There, over the arch, is the statue of "Saint Mary of Winchester," to remind one of the old name of the College, but the tower itself is altered by the broad sash-windows that have taken the place of the Founder's narrower lights, and as you pass under the arch, it is a "translated" quadrangle that greets you. The groundwork of Wykeham's buildings still remains, the plan is complete—Chapel and Hall in a line with one another on the north side, the Fellows' rooms on the south, the Library over the facing arch upon the east, and the Warden's lodgings, more stately than any before Wykeham's day, over the entrance.

West of the Chapel lies the Cloister, the place of meditation for the living and of rest for the dead; and behind the Hall the kitchen, with its ancient high-pitched roof. These and the building behind the eastern archway, once a Law Library and now Senior Common Room, complete the College as it stood at its opening in 1386. The Chaplains and Choristers were housed beneath the Hall, the seventy Fellows of the foundation in groups of three and four on the five staircases of the front quadrangle, each group in a large study with small sleeping-closets off it. But the addition of a third storey in the seventeenth century and the transformation of the windows have destroyed the true proportions of the original building. These you may see still in Loggan's print, but to realise it aright you must go and see the unchanged proportions of its sister "St. Mary College" of Winchester, which still wears the aspect of the fourteenth century.

Even as it is the quadrangle has a grandeur of its own; the north side is unaltered, Chapel and Hall rise stately still, though not so supremely dominant as once, and that great work of genius, the Muniment Tower, with the staircase below it leading to the Hall, if one sees it in the golden sunlight of a summer afternoon, is a splendid monument of the Founder's skill as a builder. Here then in this four-square foundation Wykeham's scholars spent their days for near three hundred years, their living-rooms meagre as the fashion was, but their places of assembly, the Chapel and the Hall, magnificent indeed, for they still can hold a college of thrice the original size. The life of the scholars in those early days has been described for us by Mr. Rashdall in his "Universities of Europe in the Middle Ages," its early hours, its simple fare, its religious colour, its disputations, and

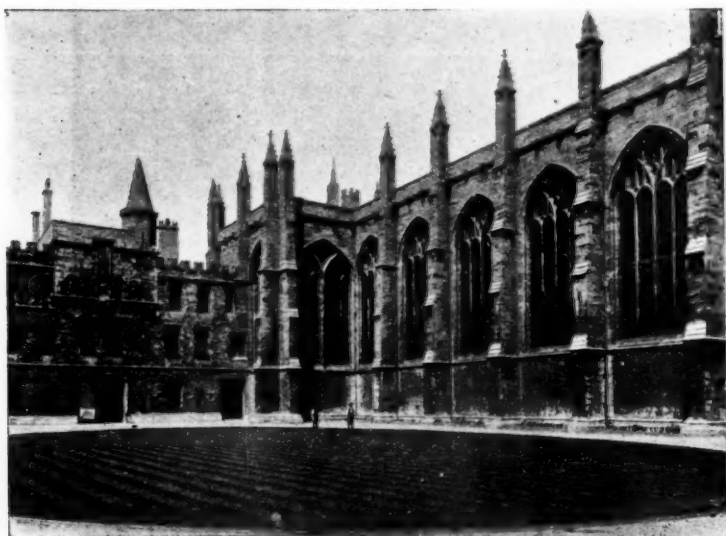
its distractions. Most secular pastimes were forbidden by statute, but on festivals and other winter nights the Fellows might have their pleasure in singing, or in the reading of "poems, chronicles of the realm, and wonders of the world." Mr. Rashdall has also explained



WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL: WYKEHAM'S CHANTRY

how Wykeham's prohibition to his scholars to sue for "graces" or dispensations from the conditions for taking a degree, which he intended to prevent slackness of study, came by a strange irony of fate and "the whirligig of time" to be transformed into an exemption

from the tests of examination that barred the way of other men to their degrees. But there were times of stir and periods of quickening to break the monotony of this secluded existence. The wardenship of Thomas Chaundler (1454-1475) is notable in the history of the humanities in Oxford, for it was he who brought into College as a "Prælector" (or lecturer) the first teacher of Greek in Oxford, Vitelli, and so did much to help forward the influence of the Renaissance in England, and to sow the seeds of a wider and more living learning. Grocyn, one of the pupils of that school, is fairly claimed by Magdalen, but his education began at New College, and he held the New College jiving of Newton Longville, Bucks, where a tablet was lately put up in



NEW COLLEGE: GATE, TOWER, AND QUADRANGLE

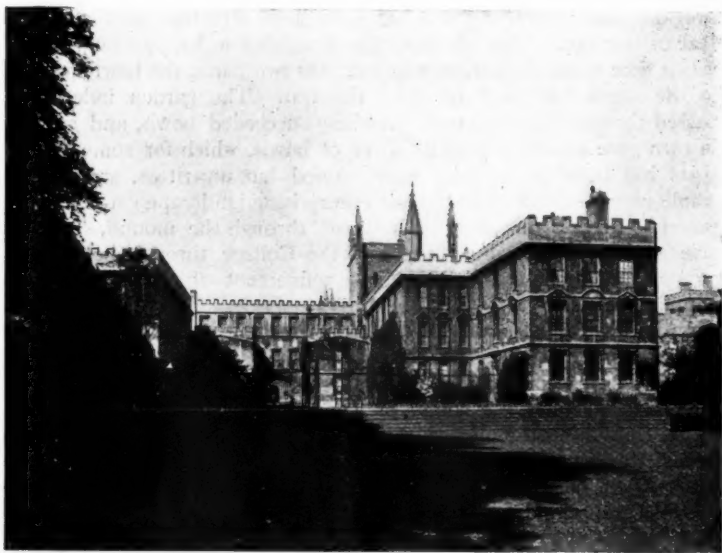
his memory. Unhappily, there is no portrait of him; of Warham, on the other hand, like Grocyn a friend of Erasmus and the New Learning, there are excellent pictures at Lambeth, and in the Louvre and at Windsor, but the hall of New College has, besides his portrait, a more enduring monument in the beautiful oak panelling of "linen-fold" pattern, which it owes to his munificence.

Of more worldly stir there was plenty when the King came to Oxford, and the Cloisters were turned for the nonce into a magazine. How this soldiering demoralised the choir boys' schooling is described by Anthony Wood, who was one of them. The College, devoted as it was to Charles, was fortunate in having a friend of the other party



in Lord Say, whose family was of the Founder's kin. Here, as in so many places, the havoc to carven images was due not to Cromwell's Puritans but to earlier reformers; for it was by the order of a Bishop of Winchester, the College Visitor, that the Crucifixion and other carved work of the east end of the chapel was destroyed in the sixteenth century. After many chances and changes the carved work was restored in recent years.

Colleges, like the rest of the world, craved more comfort as time went on, and the seventeenth century saw the building not only of the third storey, which has so changed the face of the front quadrangle but also of the open court, built to the east of the earlier College,



NEW COLLEGE: THE GARDEN FRONT

with its expanding wings looking out on the green and spacious garden. This was to form in time a new centre, so to say, of College life, for here, at the end of last century, facing the "Chequer" or Senior Common Room, the Junior Common Room, the earliest in Oxford, began its life. The yearly Steward, elected by Common Room meeting, holds a leading place among the undergraduate members of College, and its rooms serve the purpose of a College club. Sydney Smith held the Steward's office in early days. About this quadrangle are many coveted sets of rooms; for, after a year's probation in the new buildings outside the city wall, men move to the grey dignity of the two older "quads"; and if the front quad, with its oval lawn of

sacred turf, is the favourite haunt of the scholar and the man of letters, to the garden quad, with its ample gravelled spaces, more naturally repair the lighter spirits, who love to live in the open, and to talk from room to room across the quad, and to watch the play of light on the Muniment Tower if a bonfire should celebrate the victory of the Eight or the Four.

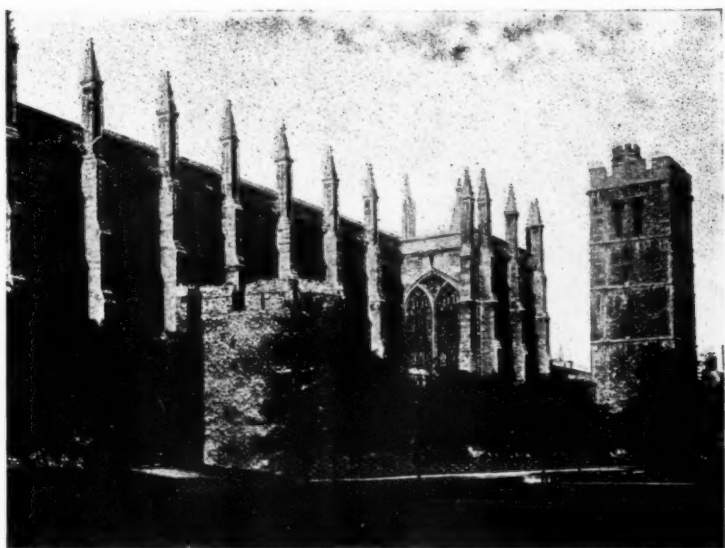
The beauty of this quadrangle has gained by a change made about 1720. In Loggan's print you see a blank wall parting the College from the garden; but when the palace of the princely Duke of Chandos at Edgeware was dismantled, the College was lucky enough to buy from it the screen and gate of wrought iron which now adorn both quadrangle and garden. The same old print shows what is now the irregular shrub-covered mound as a terraced structure, in the precise Italian manner. This change, too, has been a happy one. There was a time when the garden was cut into two parts, the bowling-green to the south being cut off from the rest. The garden indeed has passed through many phases. Archery succeeded bowls, and archery in turn gave way to a peculiar form of bowls, which for some twenty years has been played with rules, sacred but unwritten, around the whole circuit of the green. One enterprising landscape gardener proposed to drive a tunnel or "*Posilippo*" through the mound, so as to give a vista of the whole length of the College, through both quadrangles and archways, but this is a refinement which we have been happily spared.

In its less formal beauty of to-day the garden is a perpetual delight. The towering lime-trees that screen it on the south, the grey walls with their gay herbaceous border in summer days, and with their historic interest at all times, the sound of wood-pigeons in the high branches of the trees upon the mound, the green beauty of the sunken spaces of turf, the distant sight of Magdalen Tower seen through the trees, the nearer view of the quaint pepper-box turrets of St. Peter's and its Norman arches and arcades, all these are perhaps only fully felt by those who have enjoyed them through many years, and above all through the quieter days of the Long Vacation, when one may possess one's soul in peace. That, too, grows year by year a rarer pleasure, for Oxford has been "discovered," and conferences and summer meetings make their home among us. And though we may gladly share those delights with them, we cannot but feel that something of the old charm has gone. There are many kind and generous people who sometimes forget that solitude and quiet are things which cannot be shared.

Our garden has two trees of singular beauty which puzzle all our visitors—a catalpa, whose fresh green leaves appear in June when all other trees are long ago in leaf, but whose splendour is in the blossoming days of August; and a very graceful fern-leaved alder, whose leaves are often taken for those of an oak.

No picture of the garden would be complete without some word on the cats that haunt the city wall, and pick up an uncertain living on

the "orts and abjects" of the College kitchen. On them, as on the charwoman and the laundress, the Long Vacation comes as a blighting season of famine, and for them the Extensionist is a boon. Other shy animals have from time to time found a home in College, but their fate has been fitful and their life generally surreptitious. Dogs are not allowed within College walls. But one has heard stories of litters of terrier puppies reared in a "scout's hole" or a bedroom; of a mongoose which shared the rooms of two commoners till it was pronounced a dog and banished; of a faithful "Skye" which learnt to leap straight into a College window from the street. And one great lover of animals, cut off, alas! in early manhood after brilliant promise as a naturalist and



NEW COLLEGE: THE SLYPE AND TOWER

painter, succeeded for a time in keeping a young leopard in a port-manteau in his rooms. But this, like the College peacock, met with a sudden death. The fox was wisely given up: the horses of the Fellows disappeared when the stables were swept away by the College extension. But the history of College pets has yet to be written.

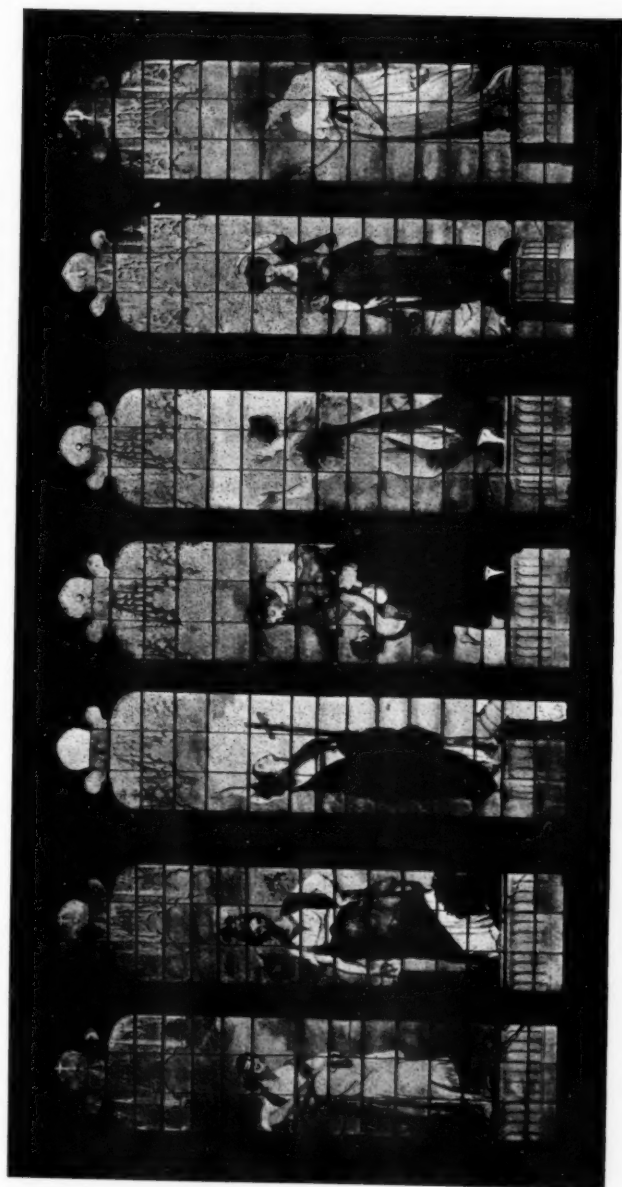
Cloisters still serve as an "ambulatory," and the tablets on their rough walls tell many a pathetic story, for in modern days at least they record mainly those who have died young, as undergraduate members of the College. On Sunday evenings in summer, when service ends and the voluntary is being played, the great west door of the Chapel is thrown open, and into the Cloister streams a mingled con-

gregation, lending strange life and colour to this tranquil plot of green and grey, which for three hundred and fifty days in the year is as quiet and retired as in the days when it was made.

Leave the throng a moment, and step within the Chapel. The lofty Ante-chapel, a transept added to the Choir, was another stroke of genius of the Founder; spacious and nobly proportioned, it has served the College many years for worship, and in old days for disputation. Its peculiar glory is the fourteenth-century windows, once in the Choir itself, which shine again now like jewels re-set, after being re-leaded. The great west window, the admiration of the unlearned, with its graceful designs by Reynolds, is a monument of the decay of the noble art of glass-painting, which later artists are by slow pains recovering; but it marks a period, and has beauties of its own. The chief treasure of the Choir is the Founder's pastoral staff, which now and again comes out in all its beauty to go before the Visitor, who stands for Wykeham here. Such is the happy continuity of College life. College buildings have been meddled with and marred, but even so the new work becomes old in its turn, and tells its story of how each generation has tried to make its home more beautiful, and to use it to better purpose.

What is to be said of the expanded College? In 1834, by a self-denying ordinance, the Fellows resigned their freedom from examination. By the Commissions of 1857 and 1881 the College has been completely changed. Instead of being confined to scholars of Winchester, it is open to scholars and commoners from every school, while happily the Winchester connection has been kept close and strong by the retention of Winchester Scholarships and Fellowships, and the maintenance of intimate friendship and intercourse between the two old Colleges. And so in the schools, on the river, and in the cricket-field, in University societies of all sorts, the old, narrow Wykehamical foundation has emerged into the common life, and has its place among the other Colleges.

It is some fifty years now since New College won its earliest First Class; it is thirteen since its Eight went "head of the river." It has had plenty of First Classes since, and some University prizes, and its members, very loyal still, are to be found among the Common Rooms of other colleges. For about fifteen years its members have been from 190 to 200; and beyond that number—a limit set by the size of College and Hall—it does not wish to go. About 130 of its men live within the College walls, or in the "Annexes," which count as College. In one other way it has extended its borders. With the help of a generous gift from its late bursar, Mr. Alfred Robinson, in this as in other things one of the greatest benefactors of the College, a cricket-field was bought, almost within a bow-shot of the College, on land south of the parks beside the Cherwell. The memory of that and other gifts is recorded in the Robinson Tower, but it is also living in the hearts of many past and present members of the society. For



NEW COLLEGE : SIR JOSHUA'S WINDOW

it is the personal element which is at once the most powerful and the most impalpable influence in College life. One may describe the buildings and record historical details, but to say what a College has been to each of the many men who have passed through it is beyond the wit of man; for to every one of them it has been the same and yet different. But as one looks on the grey walls day by day, the personal seems to fade away, and the *genius loci* is the one thing that abides. The fancy lingers about the dim figure of the great Founder, with his famous motto, "Manners makyth man," which is in itself a rich possession; the names of Warham and the saintly Ken, of Turner, another of the Seven Bishops, of Lowth, and in later generations, Sydney Smith and Augustus Hare and Lord Chief-Justice Erle, are



NEW COLLEGE: THE WARDEN, DR. SEWELL,  
ELECTED 1860

among its famous names. That being so old a College, it has not had more men of distinction, is perhaps partly due to the somewhat narrow circle of families from which, through Winchester, it drew its members.

The history of the College is curiously illustrative of the changes in the relations of University and College teaching in Oxford. In Wykeham's day Colleges had already begun to be important in University life. He emphasised the tutorial function of the College, and from him dates the beginning of the predominance of College over University teaching. But in time his own College drifted apart from University life, and became, so to say, a University in itself, with

narrowing and deadening results. The New College of to-day has entered once more into the full tide of University life. It has its Professor Fellows, it shares in the free interchange of College lectures, it numbers "research" students upon its books, it sends a goodly contingent to the University Museum, it takes part in University administration. Once more, thanks to Commissioners and the newer studies, the University, as distinct from Colleges, has re-asserted itself, and the Colleges, on the whole, have gained a wider outlook and larger opportunities. College life has not lost but gained by the change.



The stream of men flows on, and every year some fifty fresh faces appear in College, and it is hard to keep count of each. They go to and fro, industrious and idle, merry and heavy-hearted, keen and indifferent, scholar and sportsman, men of every type and class, and the College life is made of the clash and conflict, the mutual moulding influences of divers minds and characters; but the movement is so rapid, the interplay of wits and personalities is so subtle, that until a generation has gone by no one can say exactly what it is, so various is it, so intangible, with so many distinctions, and the common character is never wholly fixed or stereotyped, but always in the making. This it is which makes College life so vastly interesting to every member, for each man "counts."

Yet the College is not all. The Museum claims a large part of the time of the man of science. Professors' lectures, and still more Inter-Collegiate lectures (in the establishment of which New College bore a leading part twenty years ago), carry men to the Schools and to College lecture-rooms outside from day to day. The Union, and other political and social clubs, absorb his time: his friends may be scattered in many Colleges, his games are played against outsiders; and yet in the College he has his home and to this he constantly returns. And little as he may realise at times the fulness of its life, he is dimly, at least, conscious that the College has a history and is more than the College of his passing hour. And he feels it perhaps most strongly when hearts are beating fast and a higher note pervades the nation. The thought that the High Commissioner of South Africa is a Fellow of the College, that men who were with us here a few months ago are on the Modder River or the Tugela, and others are on their way, that in the Civil Service, the House of Commons, in India and the Colonies men of the College are helping to guide affairs,—these things quicken our imagination and help us to remember that, besides these more conspicuous servants of the State, the College has its ties far and wide with men in many ways of life, and that its interests are not bounded by the College walls. Gaudy once a year renews these ties, and as men grow older they are felt the more. And that sense is deepened when we remember that there still presides over the College a Warden who has lived for a man's lifetime within the College walls, who has known a score of College generations, and who has been the trusted guardian for the society of the best Wykehamical traditions. No one who has heard the Warden at College Gaudy can forget that to his mind the source and strength of the true College spirit is the *vinculum caritatis*, to which our Founder pointed as the secret of his society.



## IN TOURAINE

## A BALLAD OF INVITATION

HERE'S the old hostel and the street  
 Down which you turn, and turning, lo !  
 The long white road, and round your feet  
 Gay vineyards and the harvest glow  
 Of happy fields, till row on row  
 Rise the slim poplars, and the Cher  
 Gleams like a silver bar below—  
 Ah, comrades, won't you join us there ?

Blaze o' the blue and windless heat—  
 But shadow, and soft airs, and low  
 Clear sound of waters running sweet  
 Where those green-willowed islands grow :  
 Push off—between their banks we'll row  
 To yon grey mill, and rest us where  
 The great wheel turned in days ago—  
 Ah, comrades, won't you join us there ?

All the long noon our lures shall cheat  
 The curious fish, while to and fro  
 Bright swallows flash and women beat  
 Their linen on the stones, and slow  
 Tired mules pass down with barques in tow—  
 Till, done with sport, we'll seek the weir  
 And bathe amid its foam and flow—  
 Ah, comrades, won't you join us there ?

Then homeward—halting here to greet  
 The lockman, and again to show  
 Our glittering spoil to one less feat,  
 And once to watch the sundown : so  
 The long hills climbed and in we go  
 To smiling board and wholesome fare,  
 And good gay wine that well you know—  
 Ah, comrades, won't you join us there ?

## ENVOY.

The summer wanes, and ice and snow  
 Shall soon invade our soft repair—  
 While yet the hours their boon bestow—  
 Ah, comrades, won't you join us there ?

ARTHUR AUSTIN-JACKSON.

## DELIVER US FROM EVIL

THE operating theatre was packed with lookers-on.

Mr. Menzies' operations were far-famed. Pending the arrival of the patient from the anæsthetic room on the other side of the passage, the great surgeon stood washing his hands and talking to his dressers.

An enthusiast himself, he always inspired his subordinates with enthusiasm, and his daring and success as an operator made him the envy and admiration of all his juniors.

His fine but stern face relaxed into a smile over the naïve remarks of one of the students, and a little laugh even broke from his lips. It was unusual for Mr. Menzies to laugh: he was known as a grave silent man, and the lines of his face were severe, though there was a great kindliness in his keen grey eyes, and his rare smile was particularly charming. The world in which he moved knew well enough what it was that had carved the sternness into what had been so pleasant and bright a face, knew what had caused the look in his eyes which never wholly left them.

The world had been loud in its commiseration, a year before, when Mr. Menzies' wife had left him and their three-year-old daughter for another man, who had been the great surgeon's friend. Equally loud in its expressed sympathy, but the surgeon had made all such expression an impossibility.

To no living soul had he ever spoken of the blow which had ruined his happiness, and no living soul had even ventured to touch upon the subject to him.

He faced life sternly now, instead of smilingly as before, that was all; and he flung himself, heart and mind into his profession, giving apparently no thought to anything beyond it, except to his small daughter.

The child went with him everywhere, and was even now sitting in the carriage, in the Hospital courtyard, gravely and intently scanning the people who passed to and fro in the full sunshine.

There was a sudden hushing of the busy talk in the operating theatre, as the patient was wheeled in and lifted upon the table, and the surgeon moved forward.

"Patient quite ready, sir," said the house surgeon respectfully.

The surgeon did not even glance at the face of the man upon the table, but proceeded to examine the seat of the injury, asking a few terse questions as he did so.

"Came in early this morning, you say?"

"Yes, sir, only just conscious enough to tell us he was run over."

"Poor fellow!—well it is quite obvious what must be done. It is a case of life or death. The only chance of saving him is to operate at once."

The clear decided voice could be heard all over the theatre, the strong steady hands were watched eagerly from every corner as they began their work with no hesitation, no uncertainty of touch.

For a quarter of an hour Mr. Menzies worked on in silence, broken only by an occasional short word to the dresser beside him.

As usual he was absorbed in the task before him, every other thought for the moment relegated to the back of his mind. Outside, in the courtyard, his little daughter sat in the carriage watching the pigeons strutting to and fro in the sunshine, and the people who passed in and out of the great doors, watched over herself by the coachman, who adored every hair of the curly head, and worshipped the ground that was walked upon by her tiny feet. There was nothing the small girl enjoyed more than coming to the hospital "to wait for father"; it gave her a delightful sensation of being grown up, added to the delight of the long drive sitting beside father, and holding his hand and chatting to him upon the many and varied incidents of the route.

She glanced up at the windows and wondered where father was just that very minute, and whether he would come soon. Then she turned her eyes back again to the pigeons in the sunshine, strutting boldly up and down underneath the feet of the passers by.

Upstairs, in the theatre, there was a breathless silence.

The most critical moment of the operation had been reached, when the surgeon paused for a moment to glance up the table at the face of the patient, and to ask a question of the house surgeon.

But the question was only half uttered, his words broke off suddenly, and a student, more observant than his fellows, noticed what a curious greyiness overspread his face.

"Something gone wrong over the anaesthetic," the thought flashed through the student's brain, but even as the flash of thought came, he saw Mr. Menzies pull himself together with a strange jerky movement, and heard him say quietly—

"Patient all right, Lettesdale?"

"Quite right, sir." The house surgeon's voice was brisk and confident. The student wondered idly what had made the usually calm Mr. Menzies break off in that sudden irrelevant manner, then his wonderings were forgotten in the absorbing interest of the operation.

The surgeon had turned quietly back to his work, and, with steady fingers that never faltered or wavered, was going on with his task. But his soul was in a tumult; his brain was on fire. The helpless man lying before him—the man whose life lay in his hands—was the friend who one short year before had stolen from him his wife and his happiness, the friend who had been worse than an open enemy. Some long-forgotten words swung through his brain as his fingers moved mechanically in their work.

"If it had been an open enemy that had done me this dishonour, I could have borne it. But it was even thou, mine own familiar friend."

"Mine own familiar friend!" A queer look flashed into the grey eyes; he raised them suddenly and glanced again at the patient's white face. It was so very white that, except for the faint breathing that was just audible, you might have supposed that the one lying upon the table was dead. Dead? the word sprung into Mr. Menzies' mind, following quickly upon those words, "Mine own familiar friend."

Dead—well, if the patient *were* dead, there would be one villain less in the world; the wrong would have been revenged—if—if the patient who lay so still and white were still for ever in death.

The surgeon's eyes went back to their work; his steady fingers never relaxed their task; there was no outward sign of the tumult within his soul, save a certain tightening of his lips.

"Dead!" The word surged to and fro in his brain, until he could see it actually dancing before his eyes. The man whom he had cursed so bitterly—the man who had vanished from his life a year ago—was helpless in his hands, absolutely at his mercy, and, if the knife slipped, ever so little, by the fraction of a hair's-breadth, the faint breathing would cease—and—the life that had ruined his life's happiness would go down into silence.

It was so easy too—so absurdly easy! The operation was one of extreme delicacy. If it failed, no one would ever blame the surgeon! Few men besides himself would even have undertaken it, still fewer would have been able to carry it to a successful termination.

To fail meant such a tiny, tiny shifting of the instrument he handled with such skill and care. The most critical moment of the whole operation was approaching. There was a breathless silence in the theatre, and across it the whisper of one student to another was distinctly audible.

"By Jove, he *has* got a tough job there!"

Then the stillness became almost tangible again as the steady fingers went on with their work.

As though it had been yesterday, instead of a year ago, there rose before Mr. Menzies' eyes a sudden vision of the last day on which he and the patient had met. He saw his wife's drawing-room flooded with the sunshine, and his wife smiling up into his face, with laughing eyes. The fragrance of roses pervaded everything; she had always loved roses; and a vivid recollection came to him of great bowls of roses upon the tables. A mass of gorgeous red ones had caught the flashing sunlight and shone blood-red in its gleams. She had had a big pink one at her belt; and she had held out to him a dainty orange-coloured bud. "For your buttonhole, dear," she had said softly.

Beside her stood the man who now lay unconscious under his hands, and their two laughing faces rose up and mocked him with their falseness.

Such a little slip of the hand, so easily compassed, and the life of the man before him would slip for ever into silence, and revenge was sweet.

His lips tightened, his eyes grew hard.

"Wrong? absurd!" There was no wrong in avenging your honour. Heaven had thrown this man in his way, the vengeance was meant to be. It was childish, ridiculous to draw back now, when the game was in his hands.

His lips had tightened till they looked like a thin band of steel, his eyes were for the moment devilish.

For what seemed to him like a century, but what was in reality a quarter of a second, his hand stayed its work, and the patient's life hung in the balance. Then all at once the tense look on his face relaxed, his hand moved on steadily, firmly, surely, and only that again one student, more observant than the rest, noticed that he was white to the very lips.

"Strain too much for him," was the thought in the young man's mind; "no wonder he feels bad, that was a nasty moment, a slip of a hair's-breadth, and good-bye to the patient!"

"Never saw anything like it," another student murmured; "the finest bit of operating anybody could wish to see. That fellow ought to be grateful to Menzies."

Perhaps there was a little surprise in the minds of all those in the theatre that day, that Mr. Menzies did not improve the occasion by lecture upon the case. Indeed he uttered no syllable during the remainder of the operation, and never once again did he raise his eyes to the face of the patient.

"Get Mr. Stiles to see the case now," he said briefly; "I—I shall not be able to come down to-morrow."

Outside, in the June sunshine, his little daughter awaited him as he came down the hospital steps, and as he stepped into his carriage she slipped her hand into his.

"Are you tired, daddy dear?" she said; "you are ever so white."

"Very tired, my darling," he said mechanically, and his voice shook.

"And you're cold," the child went on, "I felt you shiver, though the sun is as hot—as hot—!"

Another shiver ran through the surgeon's frame.

"Yes, I think I am cold," he said. "Perhaps——"

He broke off abruptly, "I have—had a hard time," he finished after a pause.

"Poor daddy," the child whispered. Her soft hand held his more closely, and her little forehead puckered itself into anxious lines as she looked into her father's white face and tired eyes.

Loving little soul! all the way home she wondered what could have made her father so terribly unlike himself that afternoon; all the evening she watched him with tender, anxious eyes, pondering the problem still. But perhaps she wondered most of all when, as was her wont, she said her prayers beside him, and at the end of the Lord's Prayer he whispered, in a strange broken voice—

"Say again, 'Deliver us from evil,' say it—for—for all who are tempted." And the golden curls fell over his trembling hand as she whispered, softly—"Deliver us from evil."

L. G. MOBERLY.

## JOHN AUBREY

THERE are few more interesting figures in the social and literary life of the later half of the seventeenth century than that of John Aubrey. He was just one of those genial, happy-go-lucky, gossiping souls, with a quenchless thirst for information on all sorts of subjects, who are on more or less intimate terms with nearly every one amongst their contemporaries who is in any way worth knowing, and who, if they happen to take it into their heads to publish their reminiscences, can sometimes do more to make the dry bones of history live than even a Gibbon or a Froude. Had he lived in our own day, when the smallest details about the private lives of public men are read with so much avidity, when it is hardly possible to take up a newspaper of a certain class without finding a column or two devoted to the description of an interview with some so-called celebrity, and when one enterprising firm has even gone so far as to start a journal whose sole object it is to endeavour to satisfy the public craving for this kind of intelligence, he would assuredly have reaped a fortune instead of dissipating one. There seems indeed to have been no fact which came under his notice, however small and unimportant, concerning the eminent men of his own time, or which he could manage to glean from his "living histories," as he used to call the aged gossips with whom he loved to consort, with regard to those of the preceding generation, which he considered unworthy to be recorded for the benefit of posterity. The shape of their noses and their mouths, the colour of their hair and their eyes, the fashion of the coats and the shoes which they most affected, the hour they rose in the morning and the hour they retired to rest at night, the food they ate and the wine they drank (whether in excess or moderation), the place of their burials, and even the depths of their graves: he made it his business to see that nothing should be forgotten.

John Aubrey was born at Easton-Piers, near Malmesbury, in Wiltshire, "about sunrising" on the 3rd of November 1626. His father, Richard Aubrey, was one of the Aubreys of Herefordshire, a family which owned a very considerable amount of property in that and several other counties, much of which had been acquired by his grandfather, Dr. William Aubrey, a distinguished jurist and a great favourite with Queen Elizabeth, who, we are told, "loved him, and used to call him her *little doctor*." His mother was a daughter of one Isaac Lyte, a large landed proprietor, and the estate of Easton-Piers, where Aubrey was born, was part of her dowry. He seems to have been extremely delicate as a child, for he tells us that he had "an ague shortly after he was born, at eight, an issue (naturall) in the coronall

suture of his head," and that he "got no strength till he was 11 or 12, but had belly ake, paine in the side, sickness of vomiting for 12 hours every fortnight for . . . yeares, then about monethly, then quarterly, and at last once in half a yeare." Before he was out of his teens, too, he had had "measills," smallpox, and "a violent fever that was like to carry him off." However, after he grew up he appears to have enjoyed excellent health, although he gravely informs us that his life was chiefly remarkable "for his escapes of danger in journeys both by land and water," in proof of which he has left us some amusing memoranda, entitled "The Accidents of John Aubrey," of which the following are samples:—

"1655 (*Jan.* 19).—I had a fall at Epsom, and brake one of my ribbes and was afraid it might cause an imposthumation.

"1659 (*March or April*).—Like to break my neck in Ely Minster, and the next day riding a gallop, my horse tumbling over and over, and yet, I thank God, no hurt.

"1660.—I accompanied A. Ettrick into Ireland for a month, and returning was like to be shipwrecked at Holyhead, but no hurt done.

"*Memorandum (St. John's Night, 1673)*.—In danger of being run through with a sword by a young templar at Mr. Burges's chamber in the M. Temple. I was in danger of being killed by William, Earl of Pembroke, then Lord Herbert, at the election of Sir William Salkell for New Sarum. I have been in danger of being drowned twice.

"The year that I lay at Mistress Neve's (for a short time), I was in great danger of being killed by a drunkard in the street of Gray's Inn Gate—a gentleman whom I never saw before, but (*Deo Gratias*) one of his companions hindered his thrust."

Fortunately for his many friends, and also for posterity, which has derived so much entertainment from his writings, he survived all these and sundry other mishaps, and lived till the good old age of seventy-one.

When about eight years of age Aubrey was sent to the grammar-school at Malmesbury, where no less a personage than Thomas Hobbes, the author of "The Leviathan," had received the rudiments of his education. Soon after his arrival there, Hobbes came down to Malmesbury and paid a visit to his old school. "Here was the first place and time," says Aubrey, "that ever I did see this worthy learned man, who was then pleased to take notice of me, and the next day came and visited my relatives. He was a proper man, brisque and in very good equipage, his haire was then quite black." The friendship thus begun between the philosopher of forty-six and the school-boy of eight lasted until the former's death in 1679, and was characterised by frank and liberal kindness on the one hand and affectionate admiration on the other.

From Malmesbury Grammar School Aubrey proceeded in 1642 to Trinity College, Oxford, as a gentleman-commoner. At "that



ingenious place," however, his studies, which were mainly in the departments of Antiquities and Natural History, were interrupted by the outbreak of the Civil War, which compelled him to return to the paternal roof, where "he led a sad life, as in those days fathers were not acquainted with their children, and he had not the benefit of any ingenious conversation and scarce any good bookes."

In 1646, however, "with much adoe," he persuaded his father to let him enter as a student at the Middle Temple, not apparently with any intention of practising, but merely that he might not be without a nominal profession, for even in the seventeenth century the Bar seems to have been regarded as an excellent excuse for doing nothing, and in the autumn of the same year returned to his beloved Oxford, and "lookt on bookes and musique" once more. Here he remained for the next two years, when his father became seriously ill, and Aubrey was summoned home to look after the Wiltshire property, and "solicite a Lawe suite." His father's death in 1652, followed by that of other relatives, left Aubrey a wealthy man, with estates in Wiltshire, Surrey, Monmouthshire, Brecknockshire, Herefordshire, and Kent, but unfortunately there were lawsuits pending with regard to most of them, and one case alone, that with regard to the Brecknockshire property, dragged its weary length along for many years, and cost the unfortunate litigant a small fortune.

Aubrey for the next few years seems to have divided his time between Wiltshire and London. In Wiltshire he now resided at Broad Chalk Farm, and devoted most of the time he could spare from the cares of the everlasting litigation in which he found himself involved to archæological research. He had already in 1649 brought to light the remains of the great Druidical Temple at Avebury, which had been unheeded until then, and in 1656 he began his first literary work, "*The Natural History of Wiltshire*," the original manuscript of which is now preserved in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, while a fair copy of the same is in the possession of the Royal Society. Three years later he started collecting materials for a much more elaborate production, entitled "*An Essay towards the Description of the Northern Division of Wiltshire*," which, says Mr. Britton, "will ever remain a lasting proof of his ability, industry, and zeal in a good cause." It was in two volumes, one of which was borrowed by his brother and unfortunately lost. Portions of the other were printed by Sir Thomas Philipps between 1821 and 1838, but his edition gives a very imperfect idea of the original manuscript. The latter has a great number of plans, views, and other drawings by Aubrey, including many armorial shields, all of which are elaborately emblazoned, and was undoubtedly one of the most remarkable works of its kind then in existence. When in London he took a keen interest in politics, though merely from a theoretical standpoint, and became a member of the famous Rota Club, which his friend James Harrington (the author of "*Oceana*") founded for the purpose of discussing the best

means of carrying on the government after Cromwell's death. Aubrey has left us an entertaining account of their meetings :—

"That ingeniose tractat (Harrington's 'Oceana'), together with his and H. Nevill's smart discourses and inculcations, dayly at coffee-houses, made many proselytes—in so much that Ao. 1659, he had every night a meeting at the (then) Turke's head, in the new Pallace Yard, where they take water, the next house to the staires, at one Miles's; where was made purposely a large ovall-table, with a passage in the middle for Miles to deliver his coffee. About it sat his (Harrington's) disciples and the Virtuosi. The discourses in this kind were the most ingeniose and smart that ever I heard or expect to heare, and larded with great eagernesse; the arguments in the Parl: house were but flatt to it. He now printed a little pamphlet called the Rota, 4to. Here we had (very formally) a balloting-box, and ballotted how things should be carried by way of tentamens. The room was every evening full as it could be crammed. Mr. Cyriack Skinner, an ingeniose young gent, scholar to Jo. Milton, was Chaireman. There was Mr. Henry Nevill, Major Wildman, . . . Mr. Coke gr. son of Sir Edw; Sir William Poulteney; Mr. Maximilian Petty (a very able man in these matters, and who had on more than one occasion turned the Council Board of O. Cromwell, his kinsman) . . . *cum multis aliis*, now slipt out of my memorie, which were as auditors as myselfe . . . several soldiers (officers). We many times adjourned to the Rhenish wine-house."

The meetings, however, did not always pass off as smoothly as could be wished, for he goes on to relate that on one occasion a certain Mr. Stafford, who, with Earl Tirconnel, Sir John Penruddock, and others, appear to have constituted a sort of opposition, "came in drunk from the taverne, and affronted the junto; the soldiers offered to kick them down stayres, but Mr. Harrington's moderation and persuasion hindered it. Mr. Stafford tore their orders and minutes."

The scheme which the Rota Club desired to further was that the third part of the House of Commons should vote out every year, so that every ninth year the House would be wholly altered. No one was to be allowed to hold any office for more than three years, and all were to be elected by ballot. Unfortunately for Harrington and his theories, before he was afforded a chance of putting them into practice, General Monk effected his *coup d'état* and "all these airy modells vanished." On the Restoration Harrington was committed to the Tower, and afterwards imprisoned in Portsea Castle.

"His durance in these prisons (he being a gentleman of a high spirit and hot head)," says Aubrey, "was the procactractive cause of his deliration or madnesse, which was not outrageous, for he would discourse rationally enough, and be very facetious company, but he grew to have a phancy that his perspiration turned to flies, and sometimes to bees; and he had a versatile timber house built in Mr. Hart's garden (opposite to St. James's Parke), to try the experiment. He would turne it to the sun and sitt towards it, then he had his fox-tayles there to chase away, and massacre all the flies and bees that were to be found there, and then shut his chasseees (window frames). . . . 'Twas the strangest sort of madnesse that ever I found in any one;

talke of any thing els, his discourse would be very ingeniose and pleasant. . . . He was of a middling stature, well-trussed man, strong and thick, well sett, sanguine, quick-hott-fiery hazell-eie, thick moyst curled haire, as you may see by his picture. In his conversation very friendly, and facetious, and hospitable."

Aubrey soon found an excellent substitute for the defunct Rota Club in the Royal Society, to which learned body he was elected a member in 1663, the year following its foundation. "The first beginning of the Royal Society (where they putt discourse on paper and brought it to use)," he says, "was in the chamber of William Ball, Esq., in the Middle Temple. They had meetings at tavernes before, but 'twas here that it was formally and in good earnest sett up." At the meetings of the Society Aubrey was brought into connection with a number of men at that time prominent in scientific and literary circles, such as Boyle, Hooke, Dryden, and Sprat, and through them became acquainted with others even more distinguished, amongst whom were John Milton and Samuel Butler, the author of "*Hudibras*." We can well imagine how Aubrey, whom Anthony Wood used to declare would rather break his neck rushing downstairs than miss a chance of button-holing a fellow-gossip, revelled in the company of celebrities like these.

But meanwhile the handsome income which the antiquary had inherited was gradually dwindling away. As early as 1661 and 1662, he had been compelled to sell his two estates in Herefordshire, and in 1670 stern necessity demanded the sacrifice of the remainder of his property. By what means the ruin of his fortunes was brought about we cannot be quite sure, but there is little doubt that the primary cause was the network of litigation with regard to his estates, more especially those in Brecknockshire, in which he became involved apparently through no fault of his own; and probably his own extravagance, and that utter lack of business capacity so often found in men of his type of character, had not a little to do with it. A connection also that he formed with a lady named Joane Sumner, seems to have been anything but a judicious movement on his part, as the following extracts from his "*Accidents*" abundantly prove:—

"1665 (*November* 1).—I made my first addresse (in an ill howre) to Joan Sumner.

"1666.—This year all my businesses and affairs ran Kim Kam. Nothing took effect, as if I had been under an ill tongue. Treacheries and enmities in abundance against me.

"1667 (*December*).—Arrested in Chancery Lane at Mrs. Sumner's suite.

"1667-8 (*February* 24 A.M. about 8 or 9), triall with her at Sarum. Victory and 600 li. damage, though divelish opposition against me."

Several of Aubrey's earlier biographers have assumed that he married this lady, but we are inclined to think, that although he won her heart, he made no matrimonial use of his conquest, and that the lawsuits

with which Mistress Sumner pursued him were the means she adopted for revenging herself on her faithless swain. In fact, there is no evidence to prove that Aubrey ever married at all, notwithstanding that he seems to have been more than usually susceptible to the charms of the fair sex, and that so early as 1651, when he was only fifteen, he has a memorandum to the effect that he had fallen in love at first sight with a Mistress Wiseman, "an incomparable good-conditioned gentlewoman." He appears, however, to have been betrothed to a lady named Ryves, who died in 1657, "to his great losse."

After the sale of the remainder of his estates in 1670, Aubrey declares that "he enjoyed a happy delitescency." In the following year this note is explained by another memorandum, "Danger of Arrests"; and in 1677 he was so hard pressed as to be compelled to part with his books. After that, having lost everything, his creditors wisely concluded that it was useless to try and extract blood from stones, and left him in peace. His relatives supplied him with sufficient money to enable him to live in a quiet manner, and his unfailing good spirits, which no reverses of fortune could ever damp, made him a welcome guest in many houses, especially that of the Earl of Thanet, with whom he tells us "he was delitescens near a year," and of Mr. Edmund Wyld, "with whom I most commonly take my diet and sweet otiums." Among other friends in need may be mentioned his life-long friend Thomas Hobbes; Sir William Petty, the ancestor of the present Lord Lansdowne; Elias Ashmole, the antiquary; James, Earl of Abingdon; Lady Long of Draycot in Wiltshire, and her husband, Sir James Long, who writes to Aubrey in 1684, promising to send him "some cloth for a winter suit," and "four cheeses" made on his own land, which he hopes will prove of good quality.

In 1673 Aubrey had begun another topographical work, "The Perambulation of the County of Surrey," and for many months travelled about the county making copious notes on everything of interest which he happened to come across. The contents of this manuscript were almost all incorporated in Dr. Rawlinson's "Natural History and Antiquities of the County of Surrey," published in 1719. He had also, about the year 1667, made the acquaintance of Anthony Wood, the famous Oxford antiquary, and had aided him in the preparation of his "History and Antiquities of Oxford," published in 1674; and when Wood began to set about collecting materials for his still greater work, the *Athenæ Oxoniensis*, which purported to be an "Exact History of all the Writers and Bishops who have had their Education in the University of Oxford since 1500," he willingly accepted Aubrey's offer of assistance. For some years Aubrey busied himself collecting memoranda which might be of use to Wood, and from time to time forwarded his rough notes to Oxford, where his friend put them into shape for publication. The first volume, which appeared in 1690, was well received; but the second, published in the following year, met with a different fate. Wood was a man of

strong prejudices, and but little inclined to conceal them, and certain passages in the second volume gave great offence to many leading men. Two passages reflecting on the integrity of Lord Chancellor Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, were especially singled out for reprobation. One occurred in the life of David Jenkins, a Welsh judge, and a firm adherent of the Royalist cause, "who," says the *Athenæ*, "should have been made one of the Judges in Westminster Hall, would he have given money to the then Lord Chancellor." The other was in the biography of John Glynn, who, notwithstanding the fact that he had been a vehement supporter of the Commonwealth, received after the Restoration most gratifying tokens of the King's favour. "He was made eldest sergeant-at-law to the King," says the notice, "by the corrupt dealing of the then Lord Chancellor." The distinguished man thus attacked had died nearly twenty years before, but his son Henry Hyde, the second Earl of Clarendon, was still alive, and was, moreover, steward of the University. He not unnaturally resented the aspersions cast upon his father, and Wood was summoned to appear before the Vice-Chancellor's Court to answer a charge of libel, when he was sentenced to a fine of £40 and expulsion from the University, while the offensive volume was ordered to be publicly burned. What made the affair still more unpleasant for the author of the *Athenæ* was the fact that it was information furnished by Aubrey, who was a friend of David Jenkins, which had led to the publication of the offensive passages, and soon after, and doubtless on account of this, a quarrel broke out between the two antiquaries. Henceforth Wood has not a good word to say for his former friend, and in his memoirs describes him in anything but flattering terms: "He (Aubrey) was a shiftless person, roving, and magotee-headed, and being exceedingly credulous, would stuff his many letters to A. W. with folleries and misinformations, which sometimes would guide him into the paths of error."

In December 1679 Thomas Hobbes had died, and as Aubrey was under a promise to the dead philosopher to write his life, he lost no time in setting about his task. The manuscript, however, which when finished was borrowed by Dr. Richard Blackburne, of Trinity College, Cambridge, and formed the groundwork of that writer's Latin biography of Hobbes, remained, like all Aubrey's other works, with the single exception of the "Miscellanies," unpublished during the author's lifetime; indeed, it was not until 1813, when it was included in his "Lives of Eminent Men," that it appeared in print.

After his rupture with Anthony Wood, Aubrey went on with his "History of Wiltshire," which he intended to dedicate to his friend and patron the Earl of Abingdon. Feeling, however, that "his age was now too far spent for such undertakings," he determined in 1695 to entrust his papers and the task of completing them to Thomas Tanner, afterwards Bishop of St. Asaph, who, although but a youth of twenty-two, had already acquired a considerable reputation as an anti-

quary, and whom, curiously enough, Anthony Wood on his deathbed subsequently commissioned to revise and publish the third volume of the *Athenæ*. Tanner does not appear to have been a very faithful trustee, either to Aubrey or Wood, perhaps because he had so many irons of his own in the fire. He handed over Aubrey's papers to the Ashmolean Library, and Tonson, the publisher, who in 1721 republished the *Athenæ*, experienced great difficulty in obtaining from him Wood's manuscript.

Aubrey in 1796 collected a number of papers which he had scribbled at different times on Ghosts, Dreams, Omens, Prophecies, Miraculous Cures, and other supernatural matters, and published them in a little volume entitled "Miscellanies," the only one of his works published during his lifetime. He also left behind him several other manuscripts, most of which gradually found their way into the Oxford libraries. These included *Architectonica Sacra*, an unfinished MS. on the antiquities of ecclesiastical architecture, now in the Ashmolean Library; "The Idea of Education of Young Gentlemen," believed to be in private hands; and "Remaines of Gentilisme and Judaisme," a comparison of ancient and modern superstitions, which is preserved among the Lansdowne Manuscripts in the British Museum.

But the two best known of Aubrey's works, and by far the most interesting to the general reader—for his topographical writings naturally only appeal to a limited circle—are his "Lives of Eminent Men" (in which is included his Life of Hobbes), and his "Miscellanies." The former, on which Aubrey's claim to be considered the Boswell of his day mainly rests, contains biographies of between 130 and 140 men who were eminent in various walks of life during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and vary in length from a dozen pages to half as many lines. The materials for this justly famous work were collected by Aubrey during a long series of years, for it seems to have been a habit of his to jot down any little anecdote or incident which happened to interest him, but mostly while he was engaged in foraging for "copy" on behalf of Anthony Wood. In 1680 he sent the manuscript of it to Wood, who must have found it an invaluable assistance to him in compiling his *Athenæ Oxoniensis*, and it seems to have been at different times in the possession of each of them, the author continuing to add to it. After their quarrel in 1694 Wood deliberately mutilated the second part of the work, probably to revenge himself upon the man he chose to regard as the author of his misfortune, or as a gentle hint that he henceforth regarded information furnished by Aubrey as utterly worthless. Aubrey, who was then lying ill "of a surfeit of peaches," was naturally much annoyed, but he had so great a regard for Wood that he still hoped for a reconciliation, and wrote to the Oxford antiquary inviting him to visit him. However, the latter rejected his friendly overtures. After Aubrey's death the manuscript was deposited with some of his other papers in the Ashmolean Museum.



Aubrey never had much pretension to be considered a stylish writer. His main object was to get together a mass of facts, and he was perfectly indifferent as to the form in which he presented those facts to the reader. Many of his sketches resemble the rough notes which an undergraduate jots down in his notebook during a college lecture. He is not seldom inaccurate; his abbreviations are sometimes almost unintelligible; and when in doubt about a name or a date he frequently leaves a blank space, which he subsequently omits to fill up. However, in spite of these defects, the "Lives" is a great work, and from the first page to the last full of interest to the student of sixteenth and seventeenth century history.

One of the most interesting biographies is that of Sir Walter Raleigh, which contains some curious notes on the introduction of tobacco. Here, of course, Aubrey is not speaking from personal experience, as Raleigh was sacrificed to the enmity of Spain more than eight years before the antiquary was born, but, on the other hand, the writer had many opportunities of conversing with those who had been well acquainted with that king of adventurers, notably Mr. Thomas Child, a contemporary of Raleigh's at Oriel College, Oxford. Here are some extracts:—

"He was a tall handsome and bold man; but his noeve (weakness) was that he was damnably proud. He had a most remarkable aspect, an exceeding high forehead, long-faced and sow eie-lidded; a kind of pig-eie. He was the first that brought tobacco into England and into fashion. In our part of North Wilts, *i.e.* Malmesbury Hundred, it came into fashion by Sir Walter Long (a friend of Raleigh's). They had first silver-pipes; the ordinary sort made use of a walnut shell and a straw. I have heard my Gr-father Lyte say that one pipe was handed from man to man round the table. Within these 35 years 'twas scandalous for a divine to take tobacco. It was sold then for its wayte in silver. I have heard some of our old yeomen neighbours say that when they went to Malmesbury or Chippenham market they culled out their biggest shillings to lay in the scale against the tobacco. Now the customes of it are the greatest his Majtie hath. In his youth his companions were boisterous blades but generally those that had witt. In his youthful time was one Charles Chester that often kept company with his acquaintance: he was a bold impertinent fellow, and they could never be quiet for him—a perpetual talker, and made a noyse like a drum in a room: so one time in a taverne Sir W. R. beats him, and seales up his mouth *i.e.* his upper and nether beard with hard wax. From him Ben Jonson takes his Carlo Buffone in 'Every man out of his Humour.' In his youth for several years he (Raleigh) was in streights for want of money. I remember Mr. Thomas Child of Worcestershire told me that Sir Walter borrowed a gounce off him at Oxford (they were both of the same coll.) which he never restored or money for it. Old Sir Thomas Malett, one of the Justices of the King's Bench tempore Carl. I. and II., knew Sir W., and I have heard him say that notwithstanding his so great mastership of style, and his conversation with the learnedest and politest persons, yet he spoke broad Devonshire to his dyeing day. Sir W. R. tooke a pipe before he went to the scaffold, which some formall persons were scandalised at, but I think 'twas well and properly done to settle his spirits."

In writing of Bacon and Shakespeare, Aubrey was also compelled to get his information second-hand. Of Francis Bacon we learn that



he had "a delicate lively hazel-eie," which Dr. Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, compared to "the eie of a viper"; that when meditating "he would many times have musique in the next room," and that "none of his servants durst appear before him without Spanish leather boots." We also gather that "his stomach was nice," and that "the small beere of Grayes Inne not liking his pallet," he was in the habit of sending his butler to borrow liquor from Sir Fulke Greville.

Of Shakespeare, whom he dismisses in a very brief notice, he tells us that as a boy he followed his father's trade of a butcher, and that when he killed a calf, "he would doe it in a high style and make a speech." He prophesies that his comedies will remain as long as the English language is spoken, "for that he handles *mores hominum*; now our present writers reflect so much upon particular persons and coxcombs that twenty years hence they will not be understood."

When Aubrey comes to treat of his own contemporaries such as Ben Jonson, John Milton, Samuel Butler, Sir William Petty, William Harvey, and Thomas Hobbes, he is on firmer ground, as he has his own personal recollections to draw upon, and his sketches are therefore invested with additional interest. Of Ben Jonson he says:—

"He was (or rather had been) of a clear and fair skin. His habit was very plaine. I have heard Mr. Lacy the player say that he was wont to weare a coat like a coachman's coat with slits under the arm-pitts. He would many times exceed in drink (Canarie was his beloved liquor): then he would tumble home to bed, and when he had thoroughly perspired then to study. I have seen his studying table which was of strawe such as old women use. . . . Ben Jonson had 50 li. per annum for . . . years to keep off Sir W. Wiseman of Essex from being sheriff. At last King James prickt him, and Ben came to his majestie and told him he had 'prickt him to the heart,' and then playnlyd himselfe (innuendo Sir W. W. being prickt sheriff) and got him struck off. . . . Ben Jonson had one eie lower than t'other and bigger like Clun the player. Perhaps he begot Clun."

Aubrey was well acquainted with Milton, and was on friendly terms with his third wife, who survived him, and the poet's brother Christopher Milton, so that he was able to supplement his own recollections of the "blind bard" with the best information possible to obtain. He describes him as "a spare man," with "abroun (auburn) hayre." "His complexion exceeding faire, that they call him the lady of Christ's College. Ovall face. Of a cheerful humour. He would be cheerful even in his gowte fits, and sing. He was an early riser, at 4 o'clock mane, yea after he lost his sight. Temperate man, rarely drank between meals." He tells us that Milton was separated from his first wife owing to a disagreement about politics, and sagely remarks that "two opinions doe not well on the same bolster." His "middle wife," whose maiden name was Woodcock, does not call for any comment one way or the other; but Aubrey evidently had a high opinion of the poet's third partner, with whom no doubt he had many an

agreeable gossip about her talented husband, for he calls her "a gen : person, of a peacefull and agreeable humour."

Of Samuel Butler, the author of "*Hudibras*," Milton's opponent both in politics and poetry, we are told that he was a "good fellow," with "leonine hair," and a "severe and sound judgment"; that he married a "good jointuresse, the relict of one . . . Morgan, by which means he lived comfortably." Aubrey appears to have been very intimate with Butler, whose funeral he attended, and he informs us that he was buried in the north part of Covent Garden Churchyard, that his feet touch the wall" (of the church), and that his grave was "six foot deep."

Sir William Petty, a great friend of the writer, is described as a "proper handsome man," with brown hair, "moderately turning up," and "eies of a kind of goose grey, as to aspect beautiful, and promising sweetness of nature." In youth slender, but now (1680) "very plump and *abdomine tardus*." In 1660 he was challenged to fight a duel by one of Cromwell's knights, and, as he was short-sighted, and wished to avoid an encounter, he availed himself of the challenged party's right to choose place of meeting and weapons, and selected a dark cellar and a carpenter's axe, with the result that the Puritan's challenge was turned to ridicule and "came to nought." We are also told that he was "an excellent droll (if he had a mind to), and would preach extempore, Presbyterian way, Independent, Capucin Friar, or Jesuite."

His notice of William Harvey, the famous physician, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, makes good reading.

"He was always very contemplative, and the first that I heare of that was curious in anatomic in England. He had made dissections of frogs, toades, and other animals, and had curious observations on them, which papers together with his goods, in his lodgings at Whitehall, were plundered at the beginning of the Rebellion, he being for the King and with him at Oxon; but he often sayd, that of all the losses he sustained, no grieffe was so crucifying to him as the loss of these papers which for love or money he could never retrieve or obtaine.

"He did delight to be in the darke, and told me, he could then best contemplate. He had a house heretofore at Combe in Surrey, a good aire and prospect, where he had caves made in the earth, in which in summer time he delighted to meditate. He was not tall but of the lowest stature, round faced, olivaster (like wainscott) complexion, little eie, very black, full of spirit, his haire was black as a raven, but quite white 20 years before he died.

"I first saw him at Oxford after Edgehill fight, but was then too young to be acquainted with so great a doctor. I remember he came several times to Trin : Coll : to George Bathurst B.D. who had a hen to hatch egges in his chamber, which they daily opened to discerne the progress, and way of generation.

"I have heard him say that after his booke on the Circulation of the Blood came out, that he fell mightily in his practize, and that 'twas thought by the vulgar that he was crack-brained; and all the physitians were against his opinion and envyed him. He was much and often troubled with the gowte, and his way of cure was thus: he would then sitt with his legges

bare, if it were frost, on the leads of Cockaine House, putt them into a payle of water, till he was almost dead with cold, and betake himself to his stove ; and so 'twas gone."

Perhaps the most interesting as well as the longest sketch in the whole book is that of Thomas Hobbes. Here are some extracts :—

"His haire was black and the boys his schoolfellows used to call him 'Crowe.' At Oxford he tooke great delight to go to the bookbinder's and stationer's shops and lye gaping at mappes. His lord (the son of the Earl of Devon, to whom Hobbs was at one time tutor) who was a great waster, sent him up and down to borrow money, and to get gents to be bound for him, being ashamed to speak himselfe . . . [a nice occupation for a philosopher]. He did not care much for logick ; yet he learned it and thought himself a good disputant. He was sanguineo-melancholicus, which the physiologers say is the most ingeniose complexion. . . . He was even in his youth (generally) temperate. I have heard him say that he has been drunk in his life a hundred times which, considering his great age, did not amount to more than once a yeare. In his old age he was very bald ; yet within dore he used to study, and sit bare-headed, and said he never tooke cold, but that the greatest trouble was to keep off the flies. His head was of a mallet form approved by the physiologers. . . . He was very charitable (e suo modulo) to those that were true objects of his bounty. One day I remember going in the Strand, a poor and infirm old man begged his alms ; he beholding him with eies of pity and compassion, putt his hand into his pocket and gave him 6d. Sayd a divine (sc. Dr. Jaspar Mayne) that stood by, 'Would you have done this if it had not been Christ's command ?' 'Yes,' sayd he. 'Why ?' quoth the other. 'Because,' sayd he, 'I was in paine to consider the miserable condition of the old man, and now my giving him almes, giving him so relief doth also ease me.' . . . When Mr. Hobbs was sick in France the divines came to him, and tormented him both Cathol., Ch. of England, and Geneva. Sayd he to them, 'Let me alone or else I will detect all your cheats from Aaron to yourselves.' . . . He dyed worth near 1000l., which (considering his charity) was more than I expected."

Aubrey's other work, the "Miscellanies," is, if we except Baxter's "Certainty of the Worlds of Spirits," probably the most entertaining—or perhaps, in deference to those readers who are inclined to be superstitious, we should say the most interesting—work on the supernatural in the English language. Aubrey lived in an age remarkable for its credulity, when the belief in witchcraft and all its monstrous absurdities had only just begun to die out, and when that in omens, ghosts, dreams, second-sight, and converse with angels was almost universal. Indeed, until late in the seventeenth century a man who was bold enough to assert his lack of faith in some time-honoured superstition was looked upon as little better than an atheist. But making due allowance for all this, it must, we think, be admitted that Aubrey was absurdly credulous, and ready to believe almost any story, however extravagant, which was told him. However, this only makes the "Miscellanies" all the more entertaining ; indeed, the simple faith of the narrator is one of the chief charms of the book. The remarks and anecdotes are distributed under a number of different

headings, including Omens, Dreams, Miraculous Cures, and Apparitions, a few selections from which may not be amiss.

Aubrey is a great believer in omens, and has a rich collection of them:—

"'Tis commonly reported before an heir of the Cliftons of Clifton in Nottinghamshire dies, that a sturgeon is taken in the river Trent by that place."

"The day that the long Parliament began 1641, the scepter fell out of the figure of King Charles in wood, in Sir-Trenchard's Hall at Wullich in Dorset, as they were at dinner in the parlour. Justice Hart then dined there."

"Sir Walter Long's (of Draycot in Wiltshire) widow did make a solemn promise to him on his death-bed that she would not marry after his decease; but not long after, a very beautiful young gentleman one Sir-Fox did win her love, so that notwithstanding her promise aforesaid, she married him. She married at South Wraxall where the picture of Sir Walter hung over the parlour door, as it doth now at Draycot. As Sir-Fox led his bride by the hand from the Church (which is near to the house) into the parlour, the string of the picture broke, and the picture fell on her shoulder and cracked in the fall: (it was painted on wood as the fashion was in those days). This made her ladyship reflect on her promise, and drew some tears from her eyes."

Aubrey is also great on dreams. Here is one which is very thrilling indeed. The reader will observe that the dreamer was an Irishman:—

"Anno 1690. One in Ireland dreamed of a brother or near relation of his (who lived in Almesbury in Wiltshire) that he saw him riding on the downs, and that two thieves robbed him and murdered him. The dream awaked him, he fell asleep again and had the like dream. He writ to his relation on account of it, and described the thieves complexion, stature, and clothes; and advised him to take care of himself. Not long after he had received this monitory letter, he rode towards Salisbury and was robbed and murdered; and the murderers were discovered by this letter, and were executed. They hang in chains on the road to London."

The following dream has a more pleasant ending:—

"My Lady Seymour dreamt that she found a nest, with nine finches in it. And so many children she had by the Earl of Winchelsea, whose name is Finch."

The chapter headed "Miranda" (miracles) does not belie its name. Here are a couple of typical instances:—

"Arise Evans had a fungous nose, and said, it was revealed to him, that the King's hand would cure him. And at the first coming of King Charles II. into St. James's Park he kissed the King's hand and rubbed his nose with it, which disturbed the King, but cured him. Mr. Ashmole told it me."

Mr. Ashmole, it may be mentioned, was, if it were possible, even more credulous than Aubrey himself.

"In Dr. Bolton's sermons is an account of the Lady Honeywood, who despaired of her salvation. Dr. Bolton endeavoured to comfort her: Said she (holding a Venice-glass in her hand) 'I shall as certainly be damned, as this glass will be broken': And at that word threw it hard on the ground, and the glass remained sound, which did give her great comfort. The glass is yet preserved among the Cimelia of the family. This lady lived to see descended from her (I think) ninety."

When the author comes to treat of apparitions he is in his element. Story follows story, each one more blood-curdling than the last. The following are samples :—

"There is a tradition (which I have heard from persons of honour) that as the Protector Seymour and his Duchess were walking in the gallery at Sheen (in Surrey) both of them did see a hand with a bloody sword come out of the wall. He was afterwards beheaded."

"When Dr. Richard Nepier M.D. of London was upon the road coming from Bedfordshire, the Chamberlain of the inn having shewed him his chamber, the doctor saw a dead man lying upon the bed; he looked more closely and saw it was himself. He was then well enough in health. He goes forward in his journey—to Mr. Steward's in Berkshire, and there died. This account I have in a letter from Elias Ashmole Esq. They were intimate friends."

Aubrey tells us elsewhere that this Dr. Richard Nepier used to solemnly assert that he obtained nearly all his medical prescriptions from the angel Raphael, and that after his death these were carefully preserved by Mr. Ashmole.

Aubrey himself on one occasion met with an apparition :—

"Anno 1670. Not far from Cirencester was an apparition: Being demanded whether a good spirit or a bad? Returned no answer, but disappeared with a curious perfume, and most melodious twang. Mr. W. Lilly believes it was a fairy."

Whatever it was, its acquaintance must have been well worth cultivating.

Aubrey died in 1697 at the age of seventy-one, and was buried at Oxford, where some of the happiest years of his life had been spent, in the old church of St. Mary Magdalene. "As a member of Trinity College," says Mr. Britton in his admirable memoir, "he was probably interred in the South aisle of the nave; where indeed so many distinguished members of Trinity College were buried, that until recently (1845) it was known as the 'Trinity aisle.' There is no inscription or other record than the register to mark the place of his interment; nor is it probable that any sepulchral memorial of him was erected."

Aubrey had many faults. He was easily imposed upon, inordinately superstitious, extravagant and careless in business matters, and possibly too, before he lost his money, a little dissipated in a strictly gentlemanly way. But on the other hand he seems to have been an affectionate son ("My head," he writes shortly after his mother's death, "is a fountain of tears"), a kind and indulgent master, and a sincere, true-hearted, and forgiving friend, as shown by his loyalty to Hobbes, and the forbearance with which he treated Anthony Wood's outrageous conduct towards him. Moreover, whatever his failings may have been, he had, as a man, gained the esteem and affection of a very large circle of friends; and, as an author, had insured for himself—what many far abler men have striven for in vain—the gratitude of posterity, to whom his works will always afford an unfailing source of interest and entertainment.

H. NOEL WILLIAMS.

## AN ARMENIAN WEDDING

IN the East a girl's marriage is not, as with us, left very much to chance, but is carefully prepared for, and arranged by her relatives. Among the Armenians, the clergy usually fulfil the office of go-between or matchmakers, thus giving from the outset a religious character to the proceedings. When all the preliminaries have been settled to the satisfaction of both families, the formal betrothal takes place. This ceremony is a very simple one. The bridegroom sends to the bride, by the hands of two priests, a gold ring and cross, to which, if he is well-to-do, he adds a present of jewellery. The senior priest, in the presence of all the girl's relatives, places the ring on her finger, holding it there while he recites some Scriptural words suited to the occasion. A similar ring is then given by the maiden's mother to the priests to be conveyed to the bridegroom. But though so simple in form, this betrothal is considered binding on both parties, and can only be set aside for very serious reasons.

When all is ready for the bridal—the last stitch put to the trousseau, the cakes and sweets made, and the house swept and garnished—the *Dandiguin* is sent for. This is a professional mistress of the ceremonies, who superintends all the arrangements connected with wedding festivities, and carries out all the customary formalities between the families of the bride and bridegroom. The *Dandiguin* is now requested to inform the bridegroom and his parents, that all the preparations for the important event are complete at the bride's home, and that such and such a day has been appointed for the beginning of the *Harsnik*—for a wedding in the East seldom takes less than a week to celebrate. Monday is considered a propitious day for the religious ceremony, and the preceding festivities commence, as a rule, on a Friday. The bride is on this day taken by her maiden friends to the public Turkish bath, and verbal invitations are at the same time issued to all who are to assist at the wedding. On Saturday musicians are called in, and the bride and her maiden friends pass the day in dancing, feasting, and ministering to the poor, for whom a table is spread, and open house kept. For in the East, among Moslems and Christians alike, the poor are always invited to share in the festivities of their richer neighbours.

The Sunday of the *Harsnik* is a red-letter day for the Armenian youth, who have in the towns very few opportunities of associating with their girl neighbours, as they are on this occasion allowed to wait upon the bride and her companions at the feast given in the afternoon. When the maidens have left the table, the married couples sit down, husband and wife side by side in "Darby and Joan" fashion. The



youths are regaled last of all, and officiate again as waiters in the evening, when light refreshments are handed round to the guests.

The religious ceremony in the church always takes place on a Monday evening. Before the guests assemble, the priest arrives with his deacon to bless the nuptial gifts and the wedding garments, over which he offers prayers, imploring the Deity to "make the union happy and bless the gifts, so that the outer adornments of the body may be to the bride a continual incitement to adorn her soul with such angelic virtues as are proper to the condition of matrimony into which she is about to enter." When the guests are assembled, the bride retires with her near female relatives and girl companions to be dressed in the national wedding array. The indoor bridal-robe is a loose flowing garment of brocaded silk, trimmed round the edges with the native silk lace called *bibil*. But like the generality of Orientals, the Armenians consider it necessary to disguise their brides. A silver plate is accordingly fastened on the girl's head, and over it is thrown an ample veil of crimson silk which reaches to her feet, and completely conceals her person. This is secured under the plate with ribbons, and in some localities, a large pair of wings made of cardboard and covered with feathers are also attached to the bride's head. In this extraordinary guise she is led back to the reception-room, where she opens the dance with her father or nearest of kin, during the performance of which small coins are showered over her. This concluded, she takes her seat on a pile of cushions placed in a corner of the wide divan which occupies three sides of the room. If the company is very large, the ladies will dispose themselves on this divan in three rows, the elder ones sitting cross-legged in the most comfortable positions, and the rest on the back cushions behind them, or on the extreme edge of the seat.

The bridegroom has, in the meantime, been occupied with his toilet at his own home, surrounded by a group of lively friends, including the *Gukahair* or "best man," who has been escorted to the house by a band of music. The barber, an important functionary at all these ceremonies, commences his operations razor in hand, a towel over one shoulder, and a leathern strap over the other. With story and joke he prolongs and repeats the details of his calling on the face and head of the happy man, whose friends reward the gossip's efforts for their entertainment with gifts of towels, handkerchiefs, scarves, &c., which they hang on a line stretched across the room for that purpose. When he deems the generosity of the public exhausted, the barber gives the signal for the production of the wedding garments, which, like those of the bride, have been previously blessed by the priest. Arrayed in these gorgeous robes, and with a scimitar in his girdle, the bridegroom sets out on foot for the house of rejoicing, a torch borne on either side of him, and surrounded by his friends, some of whom, preceding him with a band of music, bear his presents to the bride.



On arriving, the bridegroom is conducted with much ceremony to the reception-room. His mother-in-law-elect greets him with a gift, in return for which he kisses her hand. She then presents him to the bride, who, rising from her cushions and descending to the floor, makes a lowly reverence to her future husband.

A second betrothal now takes place. The priest, after reciting Psalm lxxxix., joins the hands of the couple, saying—"When God presented Eve's hand to Adam, Adam said: 'This is now bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh; she shall be called woman, because she was taken out of man;' therefore shall a man leave his father and mother, and shall cleave unto his wife, and they shall be one flesh. What, therefore, God hath joined together, let not man put asunder." Then, approaching their foreheads till they touch, he binds upon each with a crimson silk thread a small cross, reciting as he does so a prayer composed of Scripture texts.

Still holding each other's hands, the betrothed pair proceed to the house-door, where the bridegroom hands the bride over to her maiden friends, and, accompanied by his party, leads the way to church, the poor blindfolded bride following with her people. The procession to church is always made on foot, even by the most Europeanised Armenians, and a bride who has never worn the national costume covers her Parisian wedding-dress with the disguising red silk veil. No person is allowed to cross the street between the two sections of the procession, as this would be a bad augury for the future happiness of the couple. On entering the porch of the sacred edifice, the principals, while making three times the sign of the Cross, give mental utterance to the dearest wish of their hearts, in the belief that whatever they ask at that moment will be granted them. The first part of the service takes place here. The couple kneel during the reading of Psalm cxii., after which they confess and receive absolution. Two garlands are now twisted, prayers being read meanwhile. The priest then takes the great cross from the hand of his deacon, and holding it aloft, pronounces an exhortation, reminding the couple that the bond into which they are about to enter is indissoluble; and concludes by asking them if they are prepared to "bear all the burdens and fulfil all the duties connected with matrimony." He then asks separately of the pair, "And if thy husband (or wife) become blind, sick, crippled, deaf, or poor (omitted when addressing the man), wilt thou remain faithful to him (or her) unto death?" When they have replied in the affirmative, the priest joins their hands, saying to the man, "According to the divine order which God gave to our ancestors, I, a priest, give thee now this wife in subjection; wilt thou be to her master?" The man replies, "With the help of God, I will." Then turning to the woman, he asks, "Wilt thou be obedient to him?" She answers, "I will be obedient, according to the command of God." These interrogatories are repeated three times. Various exhortations, prayers, and passages of Scripture relating to matrimony follow, after which the

doors are thrown open, and the wedding train, led by the priests chanting the Hundredth Psalm, advances to the altar. The nuptial mass follows. When the garlands before mentioned have been blessed, they are placed upon the heads of the couple with more prayers, exhortations, and passages of Scripture, after which the Eucharist is administered. The ceremony concluded, the wedded pair walk hand in hand to the church door, where the bridesmaids again take charge of the bride, and lead her to her new home. As they go, hymeneal songs are chanted, and corn and small coins showered over the heads of the bride and bridegroom. At the moment of their arrival a sheep is sacrificed on the threshold, over the blood of which the wedding party step into the house. The bridegroom seats himself on a sofa specially prepared for this occasion, and places the bride on his right hand. A gold or silver cup is filled with wine and blessed by the priest, who presents it to the couple in turn. The guests meanwhile chant a hymn, after which the repetition of the Lord's Prayer terminates the religious ceremony.

All the company now come up in turn to felicitate the couple. They kiss the garlands or the crosses on their heads, and, as they turn away, drop coins into a plate for the benefit of the officiating priests.

Little cups of black coffee are then handed round. When the bride has partaken of it, a baby boy is brought in by a woman of the household, and placed on her knees with the wish, "May you too be a happy mother!" The baby's removal is a signal for the children present to make a rush for the bride, whose shoes and stockings they pull off, scrambling for the money that has previously been placed in them for this purpose. After formally opening the dance with her husband, the bride retires again to her sofa corner, where she sits for the rest of the evening, a mute and veiled image, taking no part in the festivities going on around her. During the ensuing period of "wearing the crowns," which may be from three to eight days, the bridesmaids remain in constant attendance, and both bride and bridegroom retain their wedding finery all the time, even at night, and live apart from each other. The removal of the garlands by the priest at the end of this custom-imposed penance is made the occasion of another little religious ceremony. At its conclusion the priest's wife, who has remained in the house since the wedding, performs the office of mistress of the ceremonies to the couple.

At noon on the following day relatives and friends flock to the house to offer their congratulations, and are hospitably entertained by the bridegroom's father. National etiquette does not, however, allow the bride's parents to visit her until at least a week has elapsed.

LUCY M. J. GARNETT.

## A ROMAN DOWRY

BUSTLING crowds of tourists gazing at the glorious ruins of the past, throngs of fashionably-dressed Italians filling the Corso and its adjacent quarters with life, such is the mental picture conjured up by the mention of Rome ; but that is the winter view. Let us turn to the early summer, when June days are already long and hot, and one sighs for the springy turf and leafy canopy which make day-dreams a joy, and the blue of the sky so deep and fascinating. The air has life and freshness in it though all the chill nip of winter is gone ; no dust clogs the hedgerows or dulls the beauty of Nature's lavish display ; then, when evening comes, and the light changes from yellow to white, and everything stands clear and distinct under the moon's pale glory, then one can exclaim with Whittier, "What is so rare as a day in June!" How one longs to quit the city with its heated pavements, where few pedestrians creep along under the awnings protecting the shop fronts. What air there is seems dead and dust-laden ; windows are close shut, partly to keep out the heat and glare, partly because the owners have left for cooler regions ; the business man and the working man go languidly on their way ; stagnation reigns where life and activity existed. Towards evening, as the sun creeps over Monte Mario, the city awakes, windows are thrown open, the population turns into the streets and squares, longing for air and space ; but to any who will brave the heat and enforced confinement, there are compensations in the shape of empty galleries, where, in winter, crowds interfere with the enjoyment of pictures or statues, and of popular *feste* unknown to and unmentioned by the compilers of guide-books. Such an one is that held in the Vatican Basilica on the octave of Corpus Domini.

Late that afternoon all roads leading to St. Peter's are filled with crowds of people, hurrying along in a mighty stream ; cabs, omnibuses, and trams are as full as they can hold, but the greater part of this multitude wend their way on foot ; the sound of many voices, the tramp of many feet, rise through the sultry air and mingle with the loud clash of deep-toned bells, as men, women, and children hurry across the vast piazza and up the steps ; the crowd surges through the edifice, every monument, every altar-step and confessional is occupied, every coign of vantage besieged ; yet, thanks to its huge size, St. Peter's is not crowded, and only looks fuller than usual. But this crowd is composed of a very different class from that of gaping hordes of tourists, daintily-attired members of the Roman aristocracy, and idlers of the "Roman season," who, attracted by curiosity rather than devotion, flock hither in winter to assist at the "functions" or to listen to the *Miserere* in Holy Week. On this June day the great Basilica is given over to a

far more reverent assembly, to the lowly ones of earth, artisans and labourers, petty tradespeople, women with handkerchiefs thrown over their heads, carrying sickly babies in their arms, the elder children clinging to their mother's ragged skirts; *Trasteverine* in picturesque costume, sons and daughters of the soil, whose portion in this life is scanty clothing, emaciated bodies, toil-worn hands, pale faces seamed with care, backs bowed beneath heavy burdens, and eyes large with hunger; but on this occasion each face wears a look of keen expectation, a subtle excitement seems to prevail, there is a subdued coming and going, a hurrying to and fro; the high altar is a blaze of lights, the pavement strewn with box and myrtle, for on this—the octave of Corpus Domini—the procession of the *Mantellate*, or rather *Ammantate* (so called from the peculiar cloaks they wear), takes place, one of those festivals so dear to the hearts of the people, which lingers when so many others have died out.

To learn its origin we must go back to the Middle Ages, when the pious practice obtained of leaving bequests to the parish church for the purpose of providing indigent but honest girls with wedding portions, or with what was equally necessary, convent dowries. In 1431 Pope Eugenius IV. is mentioned as conforming to the fashion, and again in 1471 Sixtus IV., while a certain Soderini of the parish church of St. Carlo al Corso, then a church surrounded by green fields with a few poor dwellers in huts, left so magnificent a portion as each year to provide thirty-eight damsels of eighteen years with a dower amounting to 161 lire. In the course of years many changes, amalgamations, and re-divisions have been effected connecting this original bequest with the modern parishes of St. Carlo al Corso, St. Maria del Popolo, St. Giacomo, St. Agostino, St. Lorenzo in Lucina, and St. Rocco, while other funds sprang up as time went on; but now, speaking generally, all have been grouped together under the direction of the Congregazione della Nunziata or Annunziata, who annually distribute some 100 portions amongst various parishes. The purses vary in value from 30 scudi to 100 scudi. Any girl born in Rome may enter her name, provided she be properly accredited by the parish priest with a certificate of indigence, good conduct, and religious knowledge, and be between the ages of twelve and eighteen; but by some strange oversight the same individual is free to get her name entered in the list of more than one parish, and be thus entitled to several portions. One such case occurred where the girl was down in each of the lists, and actually got the large sum of 3000 lire (£120). Under the pretext that "money placed in the hands of religion bears interest for the poor," those who choose a conventual life receive twice the amount that is given to the more worldly-minded brides, while each successful candidate receives over and above her dower the sum of three scudi for her dress on the occasion.

Most travellers to Rome will not omit to visit the Gothic church of St. Maria della Minerva, close to the Pantheon, and marked by a pic-

turesque obelisk rising in front of it, and will there admire the marble sarcophagus containing the body of St. Catherine of Siena, Tenerani's "Angel of the Resurrection," a sublime upward-gazing figure seated on a tomb holding a trumpet in his hands, which gleams white out of the surrounding gloom; Michael Angelo's "Christ," triumphantly bearing his cross, badly seen in the half-light, and Fra Angelico's last resting-place in one of the many chapels; but how many pause at the so-called chapel of the *Nunziata*, the fourth on the south aisle? There, covered by a closely-drawn crimson curtain, hangs a wondrous painting of the Annunciation, formerly attributed to Fra Angelico, later to Lippo Lippi, but now recognised as the work of Benozzo Gozzoli; it represents the foundation of the pious confraternity of the *Santissima Annunziata*, instituted in 1439 by the Dominican Cardinal Torquemada, a Spaniard, afterwards Bishop of Palestrina, whose tomb is in this chapel. The picture is painted on one of those "superb pieces of gilding" which have caused some one to inquire, "Did those old painters ever think of the glorified evening sky when they devised such backgrounds?" An angel bearing a lily appears to the Virgin, who is handing some exquisitely gold-embroidered bags containing dowries to three little white-robed girls; the Holy Ghost hovers above in the form of a snow-white dove; in a corner below kneels the donor, Torquemada, looking up with clasped hands, while the *Padre Eterno* thrones in the clouds. The tender grace of the Virgin, the sweetness of her fair face, the loving gesture with which she bends down to the children, invests the whole picture with an indescribable charm. The confraternity of the *Annunziata* still holds its private meetings in this chapel, where formerly the public distribution of the dowries took place on the 25th of March (the feast of the Annunciation) at the hands of the Pope, who came accompanied by "the famous procession of the White Mule, when the Host was borne by the grand almoner riding on the papal mule, followed by the Pope in his glass coach and a long train of cardinals and other dignitaries."

Up to the time of Pius VI. it was the Pope himself who rode on the white mule, but Pius VII. was too infirm, and after his time the popes gave it up. But this procession continued to be one of the finest spectacles of the kind, and was an opportunity for a loyal demonstration, balconies being hung with scarlet draperies, and flowers showered down upon the papal coach, while the Pope, on arriving and departing, was usually received with tumultuous *evvivas*. Cannon were fired from the fort of St. Angelo, the streets leading to the Minerva lined by a double row of Swiss Guards wearing flowers in their caps; rare old tapestries and purple brocades hung from the windows of the houses, and all along the passage of the procession people knelt on the pavement. In the piazza itself were drawn up the winners of the prize, who attended high mass, and the service of marriage or of profession for the *dotate* was performed by the Pope himself. The *dotate* received the sum due to them only a fortnight after the cere-

mony. Since the fall of the temporal power, however, this has been given up, and the *Ammantate* now only take part in the procession within St. Peter's on the octave of Corpus Domini, having all attended Holy Communion there that same morning, attired in white.

The term *Ammantate* properly paid to these girls has degenerated into *Mantellate*, and gives rise to mistakes, as the members of the tertiary order of St. Dominic, to which St. Catherine of Siena belonged, were called *Mantellate* by the common people, from wearing a black mantle over a white woollen robe, and as they have an establishment in Rome, much confusion arises in the minds of those who hear the term *Mantellate* applied to the *Ammantate*, whose wonderful cloaks are quite the feature in the procession at St. Peter's. They are of white calico, with wide dolmen sleeves, covered throughout with elaborate designs of hearts, flowers, chalices, emblems of the Passion, arabesques, religious monograms, and symbols formed by common white pins run into the material in the desired form! Almost every inch of space is covered by this quaint ornamentation, and the number of pins employed renders the cloaks very heavy; it is said that this art, formerly well known in Roman convents, has almost died out, and at the present day only two or three women in Rome are capable of executing it. By some strange arrangement the cloaks do not become the personal property of the wearers, but are handed over to the sacristy of St. Peter's.

Being in Rome last June, we joined the vast crowd at St. Peter's, estimated that day at 50,000, which, with the exception of a sprinkling of priests and nuns, was entirely composed of *popolani*. Formerly the procession used to go all round the piazza, where the people were wont to take up their stand at 4 A.M., and having once secured a good place, remain all day till after vespers, when the ceremony began. Now it starts from the sacristy, goes down the south aisle, out by the side door into the portico, in again by the central door, down the whole length of the nave, round the apse, and so back to the starting-point.

Having once worked our way through the dense crowd at the entrance, we found plenty of space in spite of the numbers present, for St. Peter's is so vast that though it may be well filled the sensation of being crowded is almost impossible. Sunset-gleams lit up the western windows, but around us twilight reigned, broken by the glowing mass of candles lit on the high altar. A slight impatience at length became manifest in the crowd, many of whom had stood patiently for some hours, till when the last "Amen" of the vesper service died away, a pause ensued, then a subdued murmur of "*Eccole!*" as the measured sound of footsteps was heard in the direction of the sacristy, accompanied by distant chanting, and a maze of trembling lights appeared far away. There was a rush to the south aisle and that portion of the nave whence a view could be obtained of the long procession proceeding at a foot's pace, with many pauses. First came various



confraternities and religious orders in strange costumes, carrying wax candles, banners, standards, and crosses under whose weight the bearers staggered. One of these crosses, of massive wood, with ivy wreathed round it, was so heavy that every few paces the bearers had to be changed, hence the frequent halts. Richly gilt lamps, lanterns hung from the end of long poles, and crucifixes under canopies, were borne by an endless file of fantastic figures chanting as they went.

Then passed the Host carried by Cardinal Rampolla, under a striped red and yellow *baldacchino*, attended by numerous ecclesiastics; next came a tiny St. John clothed in sheepskin, carrying a toy lamb under his arm, which he pressed from time to time, causing it to "ba-a-a"; alongside walked an equally diminutive acolyte with a white lily in his hand, and immediately following a pair of curly-headed toddlers with wings attached to their shoulders to represent angels; they bore baskets from which roses had been scattered. Two and two followed the *Ammantate* clothed in white, their pin-bespangled cloaks glittering like cloth of silver as the flames of the lighted taper each bore fell on the stiff, strangely ornamented attire. All wore veils, but here ended the uniformity, for while some were bare-faced and wore wreaths of white flowers, others with crowns on their heads had a portion of the front of the cloak so arranged as to cover the mouth, sometimes even the nose up to the eyes, reminding one strongly of the effect produced by the Turkish *yashmik*: the former were brides, the latter those whom convent walls were to imprison. Many of these girls were remarkably handsome; on this occasion we observed that brides were in a minority, and on inquiry were informed that such was generally the case. The procession was closed by more priests, and a body of scarlet-robed *San Pietrini*. By the time the last man had left the sacristy, the first group were on the threshold of the great door, and it was a good hour ere the head of the procession came through the narrow alley left between anxious crowds in the nave, and passed our standing place in the north transept.

Low-toned remarks from anxious mothers in the crowd reached our ears: "*Madonna mia!* how pale Assunta has grown! provided she does not faint before the end!" exclaimed one. "How tired Gigia is looking! that cloak is too heavy for her," observed another, or alluding to the little St. John and his companions: "Look at that *amore* of a Peppino! does he not seem to be a real angel?"

At last the order is broken up in the deep gloom of that vast building; the most striking scene takes place when, confraternities and attendants having drawn back, the girls alone kneel at the "chair of St. Peter" to receive the benediction given by the officiating cardinal from the high altar. The effect is that of a flock of white doves which have settled on the steps of the altar. Crosses and standards are grouped around them, tapers burn dimly; it is a thrilling moment even to an outsider, so no marvel that many eyes



are wet as the young heads bend to receive the blessing at the outset of the new life they are each about to enter on, whether within cloistered walls or in the publicity of the married state.

All is now over, the crowd melts away, and streams into the grand Piazza of St. Peter's, and the tired girls hurry home to much-needed rest after the strain and excitement of their long summer's day, which must be much more trying to them than to their sisters at Siena, where, instead of passing through the confined atmosphere of a building, however vast, they are escorted through the streets of the town on St. Catherine's day, after high mass, dressed in white, but not pin-bedecked; the youths who wish to court any of the *dotate* stand expectant at convenient corners, each provided with a white handkerchief which he presents to the maiden of his choice as she passes. Should she accept his suit, his token is returned with a knot tied in one corner as a ratification of the bond, otherwise she merely kisses the token and restores it to the owner. Such marriages are never opposed by the parents, however they may disapprove, for the gentle saint is supposed to have guided and inspired the choice.

Many other towns of Italy boast equally curious dowry-customs, but it requires patience and often disregard of personal comfort to witness them, as the summer season is the usual time for such ceremonies, and the country is then left to its own inhabitants and the few strangers whom necessity or choice lead to brave the rays of the burning sun.

E. C. VANSITTART.

## IN THE WIND

By J. CUTHBERT HADDEN

WHAT'S in the wind?

Well, a great many things, among them the kilts of the Highlanders in South Africa. And as people won't talk about anything just now but about the war and allied subjects, they have begun to ask about the evolution of the garb of old Gaul. Who invented the kilt? When and by whom was it first worn? These are the points upon which the admirers of the "braw fechtters" in the Transvaal desire to be enlightened. For my own part I should have thought that the kilt wanted no inventing. Take a web of cloth, wrap it round your body and stick a skewer in it, and there you have a kilt. Adam really made himself a kilt when he pieced the fig leaves together; and it is suggestive that the Highlander claims his native Gaelic as the language of Eden. Still, it is clear that Adam lived before his time in the matter of the kilt. The real history of the garment barely covers a couple of centuries, and its records are at first provokingly hazy. Pennant, who travelled in Scotland and published an account of his tours in 1790, started a funny story about it. He said that somewhere about 1728 an English officer named Rawlinson was up in Lochaber superintending the making of military roads in that district. He found that while the chiefs wore "long pantaloons called trews," the common people wore only the belted plaid or—nothing. This shocked the road-making Rawlinson, and he set himself to devise a decent garment. He naturally thought his workmen would be more active in "a light petticoat" than in the belted plaid, and that it would be more becoming to wear even an abbreviated skirt than to have no clothing at all. And so he clad his men in kilts. This story, which has come down to our own day as a piece of authentic history, has been treated with many embellishments. Mr. George H. Kingsley, a brother of the more famous Charles of the name, says that the earliest dress of the Highlander consisted of "a large woollen wrapper, extending from the shoulder to about the knees in one piece." Rawlinson's men, "finding this garment inconvenient, separated the lower part from the upper, so that they might, when heated, throw off the upper and leave the lower, which thus became the philabeg or short kilt." There you would seem to have the evolution of the kilt in a nutshell. Unfortunately the historians of the Highland garb won't hear a word about Rawlinson and his so-called invention. They declare that the kilt was worn long before the Englishman was born. The Earl of Moray of Charles I.'s day wore it. There are old pictures in existence

indicating that it was worn at the end of the seventeenth century. Two are shown in Lord Archibald Campbell's recent book on Highland dress, one dated 1672, the other 1693. The Highlanders in the Rebellion of 1715 wore it. In short, there seems to be no more ground for saying that an Englishman invented the kilt than there is for saying that a French cook showed the Scot how to make haggis. This ought to please the modern Englishman no less than the Highlander.

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The doctors, tired of their search after the influenza microbe, have started on a new hunt. Three score and ten years was the Psalmist's limit of our days. Some of us, I daresay, deem it quite long enough to have to labour for the meat which perisheth; but a French medico with a suspiciously Russian name—the "Koff" is almost conclusive—thinks we might live a great deal longer, and he means to make it possible for the greater number of us to go down among the dead men with at least a full century to our credit. Basing his theory on the "serum" treatment of diphtheria and kindred ailments, he promises to produce a kind of *elixir vitæ* which, when injected into the veins of the aged, will have the effect of renewing their youth like that of the eagle. I have as much faith in the French doctor as I have in the philosopher's stone. Physical immortality is no more attainable than perpetual motion. Moreover, I don't see that it would be either wise or expedient to prolong the life of man indefinitely. What about the wheat and the coal supplies? How are you going to find places on the bench for new judges? The House of Lords problem—it would be more insoluble than ever. It is dreadful to think, too, of churches being saddled with ministers who declined to grow old, and yet preached all the old sermons. Imagine, again, the drain on the purse of the man who had to provide Christmas and birthday presents for children, and grandchildren, and great grandchildren, and all the rest unto the tenth and twelfth generations! No, no; let us hold by the three score and ten. If "by reason of great strength" we can get a little further, well and good—"great strength" can give joy to even the centenarian's existence—but let no rejuvenating fluid be sent careering round our veins. What we want is a "serum" to slay a common cold.

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My sympathies are with the students of Yale College, Connecticut. Josh Billings says that the best way to define a kiss is to take one. The young men of Yale, acting probably on this suggestion, have been in the habit of publicly kissing the girls in the streets. It sounds rather delightful—assuming the girls to be pretty, as of course all girls are—but the married people of Newhaven, who presumably have curtain lectures in place of kisses, object to the practice, and at their earnest solicitation an old enactment has been revived, the application

of which will henceforward compel the students of Yale to take their kisses where hearts are read—in secret. The penalty for infringement is forty lashes for the man, and thirty for the woman, administered on the bare back, which is surely far more indecent than any amount of public kissing. Whether the woman is to be castigated if she is not a "consenting party" we are not informed. The Yale students should have lived in England in the time of Erasmus. When the famous Dutchman came over to see us, he wrote to Faustus that if Faustus but sufficiently knew the pleasures of England he would hasten thither with wings at his feet. "To mention," said he, "only one pleasure out of multitudes, here are nymphs beautiful as angels, lovely and *débonnaire*. Besides, we have a custom here which can never be sufficiently commended. Wherever you go you shall be welcomed by kisses from them all, and when you depart you shall be dismissed with as endearing a farewell. As they take leave of you, kisses are exchanged at parting. Whenever you meet them, you feast on their rosy lips." This must have been a grand experience for a Dutchman. They say—but the biographer of Mrs. Aphra Behn refutes the vulgar error—that a Dutchman cannot love; it is clear that at any rate he can kiss. But the Connecticut Puritans—what a funny people they must be! As likely as not they are the lineal descendants of the New England fathers of the seventeenth century, who put a man into the stocks for his "lewd and unseemly behaviour" in kissing his wife "publicly" on the Sabbath day on the doorstep of his house. There is no special temptation to a man to kiss his wife on his doorstep; but girls are eminently kissable creatures, and I would have them kissed everywhere, as Sam Weller kissed the pretty housemaid, "on purpose." At the same time, forty lashes on the bare back is rather too dear a price to pay for dwelling on the lips of those we adore.

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They do indeed order some things oddly on the other side of the water. Here now is a Methodist parson in New York demanding that the ladies of his congregation shall remove their hats in church. The present style of feminine headgear, says the reverend gentleman, is "ungodly and obstructive to the view." In what respect precisely a lady's hat may be "ungodly" I am not prepared to say, but there can be no doubt that it is very often "obstructive to the view." Upon that point male theatre-goers have been known to express themselves with some warmth. Nor is the obstructive female hat a modern institution. They complained of it in the churches as long ago as the seventeenth century. "Ye women," said a quaint old author, writing of a village church, "ye women may sometimes sleepe and none knowe by reason of their enormous bonnets. Mr. Whiting doth pleasantlie say from ye pulpit he doth seeme to be preaching to stacks of straw with men among them." That was in Old England. In New England they took the matter more seriously. Thus in 1769 the church in Andover, Massachusetts, openly put to vote "whether the parish Dis-

approve of the Female sex sitting with their hats on in the Meeting-House in Divine service as being Indecent." The parish did Disapprove, with a capital D, for the vote passed in the affirmative. There is no record to tell whether the indecent fashion was abandoned, but we may fairly assume that no ecclesiastical edict was stringent enough to make the Andover women remove their proudly worn Sunday bonnets if they did not want to. Another New England town voted that it was "the town's mind" that the women should take off their bonnets and "hang them on the peggs" beside the men's hats. But the "town's mind" was not the women's mind, and the big-bonneted lady Puritans went on obstructing the view as before. So history repeats itself to-day in the case of the New York Methodist parson and his flock. The flock are fashionable, and, like their fellow-Christians of the olden time, they don't see the force of going to church if they may not display their headgear. If I were a woman I should agree with them, especially if I had just got home my new spring bonnet.

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How should Shakespeare's name be spelt? He is Shakespeare, Shakspeare, Shakspeare, or Shakespere, according to taste or fancy. Personally, I prefer the first form, perhaps because it is the form most commonly used. Mr. Bernard Shaw votes for Shakespear. He says that "the whole character of a man is in the way he spells his name." The statement is characteristically cryptic. A man spells his name—usually he does, at any rate—in the way his father and his grandfather wrote it, and I don't see where the character comes in. Would it affect Mr. Bernard Shaw's bumps in any way if he spelt his name like the potentate of Persia? Would Stevenson have been a different man if he had spelt with a "ph" instead of with a "v"? How if Mr. Herbert Spencer had early decided to adopt the spelling of the author of the "Faerie Queene"? Burns' family spelt the name Burness: what precisely was the "character" which the poet exhibited when he fixed upon the now familiar form? Was it a desire to be considered original or erratic, like the musician with his long hair or the artist with his velvet coat? Or was it simply a vagary, without meaning at all? The cutting away of two letters would certainly save time and ink, but I really do not know that it would involve any moral quality whatever. As for our great dramatist, how is Mr. Bernard Shaw to get over the fact that he spelt his name at one time Shakespeare and at another time Shakspeare? On Mr. Shaw's theory of character—a much more subtle theory than that of Mr. Shandy, senior—you can only suppose that the creator of Hamlet and Lear was a sort of sixteenth-century Jekyll and Hyde. For all that I know, he may have been. Does not Mr. Ignatius Donnelly declare that he was Bacon and not Shakespeare at all? Perhaps when he was Shakespeare he took one spelling, and when he was Bacon he took another! Seriously, Mr. Shaw must explain himself—if he can.

